HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXIX.—No. 1991.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1895.

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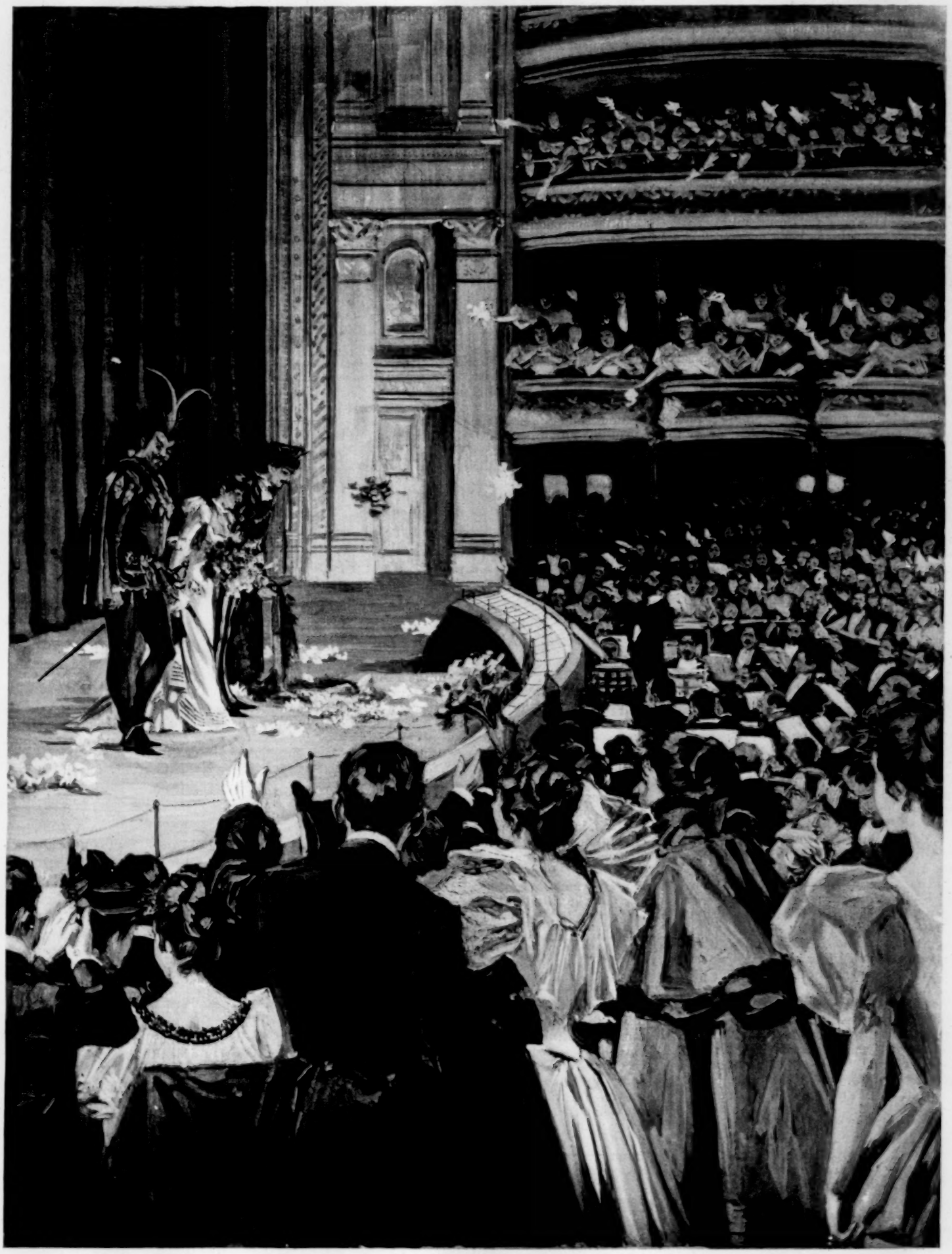


THE OPERA—BEFORE THE CURTAIN.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 158.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 16, 1895.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE PEOPLE *VS.* THE POLITICIANS.

NO fair-minded man acquainted with New York city and its population can fail to recognize the fact that the popular movement for non-partisan municipal government, at present expressing itself through great and enthusiastic mass-meetings, truly represents the sentiments and purposes of the majority of voters who defeated Tammany at the last municipal election. It is a matter of history that the moral uprising which brought about the result was set and kept in motion by Dr. PARKHURST and his society, the Chamber of Commerce, the City Club, the Good Government Clubs, and the German-American Reform Union, and that it was led and organized for the final struggle by the Committee of Seventy. The majority that overthrew Tammany did not consist of one social class or one political party, but of the enlightened and public-spirited elements of all social classes and all parties, and may, in the best sense of the term, be called the people of the city of New York; and the men and the organizations that led them to victory at the polls may with equal justice be called, as to this municipal movement, the true leaders of the people. They have a clear right to speak and to be heard as such. Having become convinced by grievous experience that the injection of party politics into our municipal concerns had become one of the most prolific sources of corruption and misrule, the people, under those leaders, adopted a platform demanding non-partisan municipal government. On this platform they elected Mayor STRONG, an honest man, every inch of him, who believes that platforms should mean something, and that ante-election promises should be kept. And now the same people, under the same leaders, rise up to protest against an attempt made by politicians in places of power to cheat them out of that non-partisan municipal government for which they fought and carried the election. This is the spirit and object of the movement now going on.

It is a well-known fact that the politicians in the Legislature who seek to inflict upon this city legislation incompatible with the non-partisan government platform are acting under the instructions of Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, the Republican party boss. Of him it may be said that he not only did not occupy a position of leadership in the late municipal campaign, but that he did not sympathize at all with the kind of non-partisan politics advocated. It is even certain that had he appeared among the leaders in that municipal campaign, the combination of forces necessary for the overthrow of Tammany could never have been effected, because of want of confidence in such leadership, and that had it only been thought probable during the campaign that after the victory he would be in command of the situation, that victory would never have been achieved. And yet this man actually does attempt to command the situation to suit his pleasure. He actually does say to the leaders of the people in the late municipal contest, when they demand legislation according to their platform: "Who are you? You are self-appointed meddlers. You are impertinent intruders. This is *my* business, not yours. I will give you just such reform as *I* please, not as suits you." And the leader of his henchmen in the Legislature, young Mr. LEXOW, as a little "me too" serving the big "me too," lifting himself up to the full majesty of his smallness, responsively proclaims that he is "tired and sick of the whole gang of New York reformers, and will hear no more of them."

The cool impudence of this assumption has hardly ever been surpassed. It is equalled, however, by the insolent mockery with which Mr. PLATT'S legislative contrivances are presented in the name of "reform" and "non-partisan government." Happily the plan to put the reorganization of the New York police under Mr. PLATT'S control through a commission of PLATT men, to be appointed by the Governor, has to be abandoned. It seems that Mr. PLATT found in Governor MORTON a man who has a reputation as a gentleman in politics to lose. But for the bipartisan police commission he will fight to the bitter end. It sounds like a wanton jest that by a provision making regular partisanship a legal requirement in the police commissioners the head of the Police Department is to be made non-partisan. It appears especially farcical when we consider *what kind* of partisanship is required. According to the LEXOW bill, "the membership of the police commission shall be and remain equally divided between the two parties who at the last preceding election on national and State issues polled respectively the highest and next highest number of votes." In the present case the two Democrats to be put into the police commission must therefore be taken from those who have voted for DAVID B. HILL. Last year it would have been required to take them from those who had voted for MAYNARD. Men of the stamp of ex-Secretary FAIRCHILD, or Mr. EVERETT P. WHEELER, or Mr. CARTER, or Mr. LAROCQUE—in fact, all who even in such extreme cases had conscientiously voted against objectionable party nominees, and had thereby shown symptoms of a spirit conscientiously rising above party dictation—would be utterly disqualified. Thus the Police Department, with this bipartisan commission at its head, is to pass as non-partisan, while from the government of it men suspected of non-partisanship are strictly excluded. Only men who would vote for Judas Iscariot if he were regularly nominated would remain constantly eligible. And this, no doubt, is the sort of material of which Mr. PLATT wishes his bipartisan police commission to be composed. A couple of regular HILL-Tammany heelers would be welcome to him, to be matched with a couple of regular PLATT heelers. Such are the persons he wants for his political deals, and opportunity for political deals is the thing he has in view and he is fighting for.

In these propositions, as well as in the argument that the police commission must necessarily be bipartisan because it has the control of the election machinery—while the separation of the election business from the Police Department would never do, because the bipartisanship of the police commission would then not appear necessary—there is an insolent cynicism which involves an insult to the popular understanding. When such an audacious defiance is flung into the faces of the good citizens of New York by a party boss, and when the henchmen of that boss in the Legislature show themselves willing slavishly to obey his iniquitous behests, then it is indeed time for the people of this city to appeal to the consciences of the good people of the State, and to ask them whether they will really permit their servants whom they have deputed to legislate for the commonweal, to commit the crime of robbing this long-suffering community of its chance for good government. It is time, too, to tell the instigator of this iniquitous mischief, who plots to cheat the people of this city of the fruits of their hard-fought struggle, that he will be regarded and treated as an enemy of the public welfare unless he speedily bows to the righteous will of the people.

PRESENT PARTY CONDITIONS.

A LITTLE more than two years ago the country defeated the Republican party in the Federal and State elections by majorities that were almost unprecedented in the history of American elections. This verdict was a repetition of that of the Congressional elections of 1890. It is clear, however, in the light of subsequent events, that the people did not give a vote of confidence in the Democratic party in those two elections. They were tired of McKinleyism and extravagance, of the indifference of the Republican leaders to the demand of the country for fair taxation, and of their refusal to consider anything but their party's welfare. They wanted a change, and the only method of procuring it was through the election of a Democratic House of Representatives and a Democratic President. So intense was their hostility to Republicanism and its fruits that a wholly unexpected consequence followed their uprising. The Senate as well as the House of Representatives became Democratic, and Mr. CLEVELAND found himself at the head of the government with a party majority behind him in both branches of Congress.

But the Democrats did not realize the real significance of the movement by which they had come into power. They fondly imagined that the voters had joined the Democratic party, and had become followers of the men who had so often and so fatuously brought disaster upon the Democratic cause. They fancied that they were in power because they had been loyal Democratic partisans, whereas they were in control of the government merely because they were not Republicans, and because Mr. CLEVELAND himself bore only a slight resemblance to the Democrats in whom the voters had repeatedly expressed distrust for more than a generation. They signalized their ascendancy by showing that they were unworthy of it. They refused to consider the interests of the country in preference to the plans and schemes of the party leaders to transform the popular triumph over McKinleyism into personal gain. The voice of the people, speaking through the intelligent press, through bodies representing the business interests of the country, through good citizens who had time and time again demonstrated their unselfish devotion to the republic, made no more impression upon them than it had made on MCKINLEY, REED, and the other Republicans who led their party into the disasters of 1890 and 1892. They stood in the way of the repeal of the SHERMAN law until the doubt of the world, which began to be felt during Mr. HARRISON'S term, was strengthened, and capitalists made up their minds to protect themselves against the day when Congress should throw off all restraint and decide to pay all the government obligations in silver.

It is very apparent that the Democratic party never enjoyed the confidence of the country, and that the people of the United States have never yet accepted GORMAN and his followers and fellow-factionists as leaders. As soon as they had the opportunity they visited their wrath upon the party that had refused to heed the demand of the country for the immediate unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act, and that shamelessly confessed its hypocrisy and venality by selling itself to the Sugar Trust.

The Republican party has returned to power in the legislative branch of the government by a majority as overwhelming as that by which, two years before, it was driven out. If 1894 had been a Presidential year, Mr. CLEVELAND would undoubtedly have been succeeded by almost any Republican whom his party might have nominated. But as the Democratic candidates triumphed in 1890 and 1892, so Republican candidates triumphed in 1894 merely because they were not Democrats. The Republican politician who imagines that his party won last year's elections on its own merits is an unwise counsellor or leader. He imagines vain things, and simply demonstrates the modern politician's capacity for perseverance in folly.

That the Republican party leaders are afflicted by the same blind incapacity to comprehend the mood of the people is shown in many ways. With the exception of Governor MORTON, hardly a Republican politician who was chosen to office at the last election has betrayed a consciousness that the country expects from him reforming zeal and devotion to its threatened interests. But Governor MORTON is just now at the centre of a very considerable and influential popular clamor that is manifesting itself every day. His few signs of surrender to this clamor are making him the object of complaint and enmity among the thorough Republican politicians of the State. Outside of the State little has been done to strengthen popular faith in the party, or to transform distrust of Democratic politicians into confidence in Republican statesmanship or patriotism.

In many instances the new United States Senators who have been elected by the Republicans excite little hope of improvement in the character of the body which has forfeited the respect of the country. The new Senator from Montana announces that he expects to devote himself to silver. In other words, he proposes to persist in one of the grave errors that resulted in the overthrow of his opponents. If he speaks for all the Republican Senators from the new States, the return of that party to power in the Senate means the increase of the silver strength by four votes. It is true that the new Senators from West Virginia and New Jersey are no worse than the Democrats whom they succeed, but they are just as bad, while nothing baser than the proceedings in the Delaware Legislature, where the question has been as to the power of the adventurer ADDICKS to husband the votes purchased by him, has been witnessed in our political history, unless it is the constant practice of Pennsylvania Legislatures to choose the most unworthy citizens to represent that commonwealth at Washington. When to the triumph of the silver men, the millionaires, the corruptionists, and the intriguers in securing election to the Senate, and to the alliance of the Republicans with the Populists in North Carolina and other Southern States, there are added the refusal of Republican leaders in Congress to come to the aid of the sound sentiment of the country in these strenuous times, and the lack of courage of such men as ex-Speaker REED and Senator SHERMAN in dealing with the money problem, it is clear that the future is not promising. If these partisans decline to take the essential and obvious steps to relieve the Treasury because they fear that the Democratic majority in Congress may gain undue credit, why will they not continue to refuse to act even after they come into power in the legislative branch of the government because they do not wish a Democratic Presi-

dent to obtain the credit that will be due him for recommending and urging the proper course? The majority of the Republican members of the House of Representatives refused the other day to come to the relief of the Treasury. What evidence is there that they will be better patriots than politicians after the 4th of March?

The condition of the two parties is such that good can be expected of neither of them, and it would be folly for the country to go on driving out of power now one and then the other in the hope of obtaining what it needs from its opponent. There is need for some more vigorous expression of popular indignation than the whole country has yet indulged in. The newspapers and the mass-meeting are apparently producing good results in New York. Why not try the remedy on a larger scale? Why not move on Washington as the citizens of New York have moved on Albany? It is time that the leaders in Congress should be given to understand that the people, for whose happiness and prosperity this government exists, are supremely indifferent to the personal fortunes of politicians, and that they are determined to have relief from the ills that oppress them without regard to party considerations. Mr. REED has infused party politics into the movement to abolish the greenbacks and to protect the gold reserve. It is possible that even he may yet be taught that his own ambitions can be best promoted by zealous and non-partisan work to maintain and protect the national credit.

Under the circumstances, and in view of the manner in which Republican politicians have conducted themselves since the election of last November, the chance of Republican success in 1896 is remote, and it can only be assured by a radical departure from the present course of the party leaders. It must be borne in mind that, as between two parties equally worthless, the people can punish only the party in power, and two years from now that will be the Republican party.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA.

MUNICIPAL government under democratic institutions presents a problem that is interesting to every State in the country where there is a large city, and to the Dominion of Canada also, as Professor GOLDWIN SMITH has shown in a suggestive article recently published in the New York *Sun*. As the readers of the WEEKLY have already been informed, the question is as interesting and momentous in Philadelphia as it is in New York, and we may add that Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco, Toronto, and Montreal, on examination, will also be found to furnish evidence of the disgraceful results of popular government of municipal corporations in America.

The startling question is whether maladministration of municipal affairs is inevitable in a democracy. Must the bad always dominate? Will good citizens continue to permit the brutal, greedy, thievish people to rule over the business interests of American cities? Heretofore the good citizens have been content to protect themselves only when corrupt officials, emboldened by license, have become grotesquely extravagant in their vileness. The revolts against TWEED and CROKER did not take place until those magnates of New York manifested the disposition and indifference of Turkish autocrats in their treatment of their subjects. Reform by spasm cannot cure the evils of bad government during the intervals. American municipalities ought to enjoy continuous good government. Just now New York is promised an object-lesson as to some of the comforts to be expected from a businesslike administration of the city's affairs. Doubtless this will stimulate honest citizens to desire a continuance of it. If this desire be so strong as to induce them to make annual instead of occasional sacrifices to obtain clean streets, a high health rate, efficient police service, and honest administration of the laws, the problem will be solved.

One element in this problem is fixed. Municipal government in this country will continue to be democratic. The suffrage cannot be taken away from any class to which it has been granted. Whatever reformation is accomplished must be worked out through existing human agencies. If American cities are to be better governed, if their citizens are to enjoy the fruits of civilization, the results of science, the inventions of modern ingenuity, if the material conditions of existence are to be all that they can be, and if they are to keep pace with the rapid progress of the times, the change which this implies must be wrought by the people themselves. They cannot be imposed upon them by a superior power. We may as well make up our minds that in the government of cities, machinery and statutes cannot take the place of the human conscience and human intelligence.

The first step towards real municipal reform will be the abdication of the State of all purely local municipal functions, and the increase of the power and responsibilities of the citizens. No sign has yet been given at Albany or any other State capital of a recognition of this central and fundamental truth. But there are abundant signs that the people who dwell in cities are taking a more lively interest in the affairs of their municipalities. And if the general interest of good citizens in local government can be maintained continuously, better administration will follow. It may be that English cities are as well governed as Mr. ALBERT SHAW represents them to be because the Briton has inherited the traditions of a thousand years, but the contention that such an inheritance is essential would, if accepted, destroy all hope of obtaining good government in our own cities of international motley. Good citizens may continue to do what they have done. The problem is to keep their interest alive. The new Constitution of this State affords help in that direction, but the State Legislatures can do much more. They should abdicate their power of legislation on purely municipal subjects, and throw responsibility and power upon the people. An important point to make in inducing a strong man to take the trouble to strike is to assure him that his blow will be effective.

THE ASYLUM INVESTIGATION.

ABOUT nine months ago a New York daily newspaper made an attack upon the management of the city asylums for the insane, holding up the physicians in charge of these institutions to public contumely, and demanding the immediate removal from office of the physician in charge of the institution most vigorously criticised. Shortly afterwards this newspaper asserted that HARPER'S WEEKLY was the only contemporary that did not sustain it in the attack, but "defended the asylums." The latter allegation was not strictly accurate. What HARPER'S WEEKLY really did say, as any one can see by referring to our editorial of May 26th, was that the physicians directly in charge of the institutions attacked were "experienced, able, conscientious, and efficient men," but at the same time we condemned the system under which these men were forced to work. Attention was called specifically to the fact that our insane wards are improperly housed, clothed, and fed because of niggardly appropriations for them, although we pay a large percentage of the entire cost of caring for the State insane, for which we receive no return, except the very doubtful privilege of caring for our own insane in our own very defective way. This anomaly was clearly stated to be due to the fact that Tammany was unwilling to give up the patronage of the asylum system. The remedy was said to be the "arousing of a public sentiment that will force the transfer of our asylums to the State system."

Since these words were written our State Commission in Lunacy has, at the instance of the Mayor, conducted a laborious and thorough investigation of the newspaper charges, and of the merits and demerits of our asylum system in general. The results of this investigation have been made known officially through the report of the Commissioners to the Mayor. The report is voluminous; but, being epitomized, it shows the conditions of our asylum system and the facts as to their management to be as we represented them last May. The asylum superintendents are vindicated explicitly, even eulogistically, the investigation having proved them to be "conscientious, painstaking, faithful, and efficient officers."

But, as was expected, the facts do not tell so favorably for our Tammany Commissioners of Charities and Correction, who have final authority in the care of the insane. Not to mention other delinquencies, it appears that these Commissioners have purposely evaded State laws made for their guidance, in that they have failed to separate the affairs of the insane from those of other institutions, as the law requires, and in giving out contracts illegally, without competition.

In order that Tammany may retain the patronage involved in this, our tax-payers are mulcted, according to the estimate of the report under consideration, to the extent of almost a million dollars a year. To be explicit, the report calculates that had our city system been incorporated into the State system last year, the city of New York would have saved "at least $988,000 for the fiscal year 1893-94." It may be added that our insane would also have been far better cared for.

The final recommendation of the investigating commission is that the city asylums be at once transferred to the State-care system. The existing laws provide for such a transfer whenever the local authorities request it. The State Charities Aid Association has long favored such action, and Governor MORTON in his recent message refers to it with apparent approval. It is to be hoped that Mayor STRONG will soon take the preliminary steps towards a measure that will transform our city asylums into a State hospital for the insane. It is equally desirable that similar action should be taken by the Brooklyn authorities in the interest of the indigent insane of Kings County, these two being the only counties of the State that have not already entered into the benefits of the State-care system.

THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT SOCIETY.

THE report of the University Settlement Society for the year 1894 prompts the WEEKLY to urge upon all good citizens the claims of the organization to their support. Ever since its foundation in 1887 the society has been distinguished by the fact that in addition to charitable and reform work, which it performs in common with other similar organizations, it is a recognized agent of good order. The society is the strongest wholesome social influence in the great alien city south of Houston Street and east of the Bowery in New York. A large share of the population in this region is as foreign in habit and thought as it is in language, and the proportion of English-speaking residents is yearly becoming smaller. Polish and Russian Jew, Slav and Magyar, crowd together, 200,000 to the square mile, in the tenements within tenements of this polyglot community. American ideas are slow in penetrating brains seasoned in a social and political despotism and intrenched behind a language whose roots are neither Teutonic nor Latin. To many of the foreign residents of New York the University Settlement stands as the sole representative of an enlightened public spirit, and they, as well as their prosperous neighbors farther up town, have always found that the society can be trusted. Its members visit the poorest and the sick, maintain free lecture courses in winter and outing excursions in summer; but they also interest themselves in the labor troubles of the district, and in the recent strike of East-Side cloak-makers acted as mediators between the strikers and their employers. The society supports a kindergarten, a sewing-class, a cooking-school, and a flower mission; but its members are also actively interested in sanitary work, and are pledged to assist Colonel WARING in keeping the streets clean. The Tenement-house Committee, the result of whose investigations has just been made public, has received valuable help from the University Settlement. The young men of a club connected with the society have recently undertaken to report to the proper municipal authorities violations of the ordinance which requires that fire-escapes be kept clear of obstructions. In a region where the fire-escape serves as storehouse, veranda, and laundry annex for thousands of families, this work alone seems sufficient to keep a large number of active boys busy for some time to come.

The University Settlement Society is helping the people for whom it exists to help themselves. It is teaching them that filth is not cheap, that disorder is not reform, that the world owes nobody a living who does not contribute his share of the world's work, and that there are in this metropolis men and women of wealth and education who are as eager to secure justice for the poor as the poor are to obtain equal opportunities with the rich. In brief, the University Settlement Society is in the best sense a good-citizenship club of great influence in that part of New York where it can be most useful, and it is in need of funds to carry on its work.

THE ARCHITECTS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

MR. JOHN M. CARRÈRE'S letter to Secretary CARLISLE, in which he declines the office of Supervising Architect of the Treasury, ought to induce members of Congress to pass the MCKAIG bill at once. The provisions of that measure have already been set forth in the WEEKLY. They propose that the Supervising Architect shall be a mere administrative officer to a commission of architects, and that new public buildings shall be designed and their construction shall be superintended by architects in private practice. In this way, while the interests of the government would be sufficiently guarded, the government would secure the services of the best architects of the country. How happy the results of such a system would be it is unnecessary to point out to those who are familiar with the productions of the Supervising Architect's office.

Mr. CARRÈRE shows conclusively that no architect who is worthy to be trusted with the task of superintending the public buildings of the country, or of drawing the plans for them, can consent to take the office of Supervising Architect. There are now 115 public buildings whose construction has been authorized by Congress. Some of these involve the expenditure of a few thousand dollars; others will cost from $50,000 to $500,000; still others are to cost from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000. All the work connected with these buildings devolves upon the Supervising Architect. He is to draw the plans, make the contracts, audit the bills, and superintend the construction. Besides this, he is to supervise the repair of completed public buildings. This work alone involves an annual expenditure of about $200,000.

As Mr. CARRÈRE points out, it is a physical impossibility for one man to accomplish all that is required of the Supervising Architect. And it may be added that no architect who will lightly agree to undertake the task is worthy to be trusted with the responsibility involved in the designing and construction of the more important of our public buildings. The Treasury Department ought to employ the architects of the country who are best qualified to do artistic and constructional work on our public buildings. The present system compels the employment of an architect whose office must be in Washington; who must depend upon the reports of subordinates; who is therefore responsible for buildings that he may never see; who is burdened with duties that he must neglect. Neither art nor economy is furthered by this state of affairs, and the change which has been suggested in the MCKAIG bill will doubtless result in providing the government with more beautiful buildings at a lower cost.

If Mr. CARRÈRE had accepted the appointment offered to him by the Secretary of the Treasury he might have inflicted a serious setback on this measure of real reform. As it is, his letter calls attention to the present irrational and demoralizing system, which commits what ought to be among the most important architectural works of the country to incompetent hands, and promotes extravagance in expenditure, as well as inartistic and inconvenient structures.

CAPTAIN FRANK ROOSEVELT, N. G., N.Y.
Died Saturday, February 2, 1895.

CAPTAIN FRANK ROOSEVELT.

One of the saddest results of the recent railway strikes in Brooklyn is the death of Captain Frank Roosevelt, Twelfth Regiment, N. G., N.Y., of pneumonia, due to exposure while on duty with the State troops in that eight days' campaign.

Captain Roosevelt's company, Company E, was quartered for the greater part of their tour in the patrol stable of the Tenth Precinct. Alarms and arrests were frequent during that week, and the constant changes of temperature due to the continual opening and shutting of the large doors to admit and to send out the patrol wagons were a tax on the strongest constitutions, and rendered sleep almost impossible.

Captain Roosevelt was indefatigable in his devotion to duty and in his care of the men under his command. He refused to take the rest he so much needed himself, and finally his robust constitution gave way under the strain. On Sunday evening, January 27th, he developed a high temperature, and on Monday morning he was sent to his home in a closed ambulance. He failed steadily, and died Saturday evening, February 2d.

Captain Roosevelt was the youngest son of the late S. Weir Roosevelt, and was born in Flushing, June, 1862.

He succeeded to the organ-building business of his brother, the late Hilborne L. Roosevelt, but his conscientious determination to make each output of his factory superior to the one before, prevented his business from becoming really profitable, and rather than depart from the high standard he had set up he closed his works and went out of business two years ago. Subsequently he acquired an interest in the Wessell Silver Company, of which he became treasurer. He was graduated from Trinity College, Hartford, in the class of 1883, and entered the National Guard as Second Lieutenant of Company E, Twelfth Regiment, April 5, 1886, was promoted First Lieutenant August 27, 1886, and Captain February 24, 1888. Under his command Company E took a front rank in marksmanship, and in a single year won every regimental trophy but one. Last year the Twelfth Regiment team which won the State trophy at Creedmoor contained three members and one ex-member of Company E.

Captain Roosevelt inspired feelings of genuine affection in all with whom he came in contact in his official and social life. He was treasurer of the Board of Officers of his regiment, treasurer of the Calumet Club, and had just been elected president of the St. Anthony Club, the graduate club of the college Fraternity of Delta Psi, of which he was a prominent member. He was also a member of the Union, University, United Service, Players, Downtown, and Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht clubs, the Sons of the Revolution, and the Holland Society.

His funeral, which took place at the Church of the Holy Communion, was a military one, and was very impressive. His fellow-captains acted as pall-bearers, and all the officers of the regiment and the members of his company attended in uniform, while the church was crowded with his many friends, to each one of whom his death came with a sense of personal loss. Captain Roosevelt was unmarried.

THE OFFICIAL CHARITIES OF GREATER NEW YORK.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.

The task of caring for the motley army of inmates of our penal and charitable institutions, and of supervising the various prisons, asylums, and hospitals in which its members reside, is intrusted by the city to a so-called Commission of Charities and Correction. Three members, appointed by the Mayor, compose this commission.

It has long been the opinion of those most familiar with the conditions that the task set this commission is far too arduous for any single body of men to perform. Where the interests of classes so diverse—criminals, hospital patients, paupers, the insane, etc.—are pooled, a single appropriation being made for all, and in the main all supplied with food and clothing from a common store, the best results are not even to be hoped for.

The necessity for reform in the conduct of the city's institutions is manifest to the least-observant. It is equally plain that little is to be expected in this direction until the entire plan under which these institutions at present operate is radically modified. Fortunately there is little difference of opinion as to the direction that the reform movement must take. Stated in a word, the conglomerate department of Charities and Correction must be broken up. Criminals must be separated from the recipients of charity; and the insane, constituting a class utterly different from all others, must be cared for by themselves.

This last-named division—the segregation of the insane—should be effected without any serious difficulty. Deficient appropriations make it impossible for the asylum authorities to provide properly for their charges. The asylums are a reproach to the city. They will not bear comparison with the State asylums. The State asylums spend between four and five dollars per week for the maintenance of each patient, while the largest sum ever appropriated for the care of the insane of New York city is $2 80 per week. Yet the city, while making such niggardly provision for its own insane, pays four-fifths of the cost of caring for the insane of the State system. This anomalous condition of things may be done away with, according to the existing law, whenever the authorities of the city decide to transfer the local insane to the State system.

Of practical difficulties that may arise in the attempted transfer of the city asylums to the State, the chief will probably pertain to the valuation of the asylum plant, which must be purchased or leased by the State. This, however, should present no insuperable barriers. It is confidently believed that this movement to transfer the asylums to the State system will have the support it merits, and every humanitarian must rejoice that the time seems at hand when the asylums of the metropolis, sheltering 6000 of the most pitiable of dependents, will be a source of pride and satisfaction, instead of a disgrace to the city.

The insane provided for, it still remains to segregate the remaining 10,000 inmates of the city's institutions into proper companies. Criminals must no longer be classified with the recipients of charity. The segregation cannot be effected by a mere internal division of the Department of Charities and Correction. What must be done is to abolish its absurd defects, and establish in its place one commission of Charities and one of Correction.

For years the State Charities Aid Association, whose work in New York has to do largely with the institutions in question, has been urging the necessity for this change.

The district prison, the city prison, and the penitentiary are, as regards the disposal of their inmates, as clearly set off from all charitable institutions as could be desired. The only remaining correctional institution is the workhouse, and this, it appears, furnishes the point of contact between correctional and charitable institutions. Inmates of the workhouse are constantly sent to various other institutions to assist in the routine work, and it is claimed for the existing condition of things that except for such aid the work of the various hospitals could not be carried on without great additional expense, and that, on the other hand, without the work thus supplied, the workhouse inmates could not be given proper employment. This is the only apparently valid objection to the abolition of the Department of Charities and Correction.

It is unquestionably true that a large amount of work in the aggregate is done in charitable institutions by workhouse prisoners transferred to them for the purpose. On October 1, 1894, there were 2768 persons under commitment to the workhouse, and of these 1161 were not kept in the workhouse itself, but had been transferred to work elsewhere in the charitable institutions. Such figures, on their face, appear to show a very close and vital connection between the workhouse and the charitable institutions. Properly understood, however, they furnish the most telling argument against the continuance of the present system. The fact that such a commingling of misdemeanants with law-abiding unfortunates as is here implied is not only tolerated, but pointed to as indispensable, is a striking illustration of the power of custom in warping our minds from the plainest truths.

The simple fact is that under existing conditions commitment to the workhouse, considered as a punitive measure, is farcical. Ostensibly the workhouse is the county jail. It is the place to which persons convicted of misdemeanors and petty crimes are committed. Yet a large proportion of the alleged prisoners in the workhouse have never been under arrest at all, or at least are not sent there because of having committed any misdemeanor whatever. They are there at their own request, because they know that the workhouse, or the charitable institutions to which they are transferred from it, will afford them a fairly comfortable boarding-place, including a supply of tobacco and an occasional drink of whiskey, while demanding of them in return a merely nominal amount of work.

Of the 22,638 commitments to the workhouse last year 9870 were for periods of ten days or less. These are the "drunk and disorderlies" who chanced to be brought before a justice on a morning when his Honor was in good humor. They show a high average of good humor on the part of the justices. The record would probably be different if taken since the November elections put the heads of some of them in peril.

The long-term (six months) commitments are quite as likely as not to be in case of persons who have not been under arrest at all. A large number of them are convalescent hospital patients who have been retained to help about the hospital work, and who, according to recent rulings of the commissioners, must nominally commit themselves to the workhouse (without really going to that institution at all) in order to be allowed to remain in the hospitals.

Without entering into further details, it must be plain that our workhouse as at present operated is a breeder of paupers and criminals. The real criminals among the inmates are mixed indiscriminately with those that only seek charity in asking commitment. They are distributed about hospitals supposed to be purely charitable institutions, there coming in close contact with the innocent and helpless, to the perversion of their morals. Even children are subjected to these influences through the employment of workhouse men and women in and about the institutions in which they are cared for. In short, the entire system is an abomination.

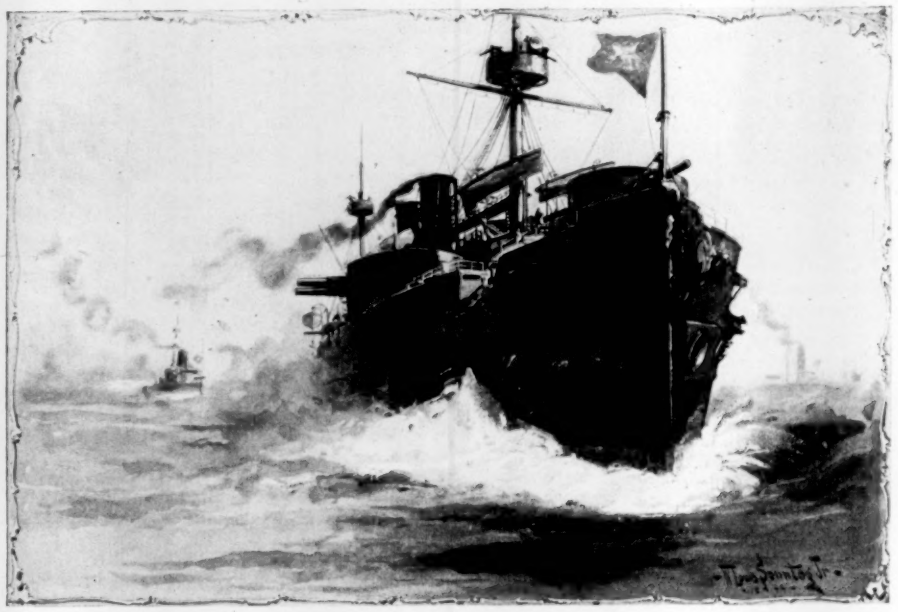
Largely because of its association of misdemeanants with the innocent, there has grown up in the minds of the people of New York a feeling of pessimism regarding the recipients of the city's charity—a feeling that "to the Island" (*i. e.*, to one of the charitable institutions under discussion, many of which are situated on the islands of the East River) means always "to prison" or its equivalent. It is a common feeling among the respectable poor that death would be preferable to acceptance of the city's charities at one of these institutions.

This feeling of pessimism has led our city authorities year after year to judge the entire Department of Charities and Correction by its worse element, and so to make only such financial provision for the entire department, including hospitals and asylums, as would be barely sufficient were all the inmates of the department prisoners. The result is that the hospitals of the department, run on a pauper basis, compare as unfavorably with other hospitals of the city as the asylums do with the asylums of the State. In some cases seven cents a day is the total sum allowed for feeding the recipients of the city's bounty.

Such for many years has been the disgraceful method by which New York, the richest city on the western hemisphere, has doled out its official charities. Is it not about time for the establishment of a new order of things? This is a question for the people to decide—for the people, and the press that represents the people. It was useless to hope for better things at the hands of the political powers that for years have been at the helm of city affairs. But now that the better element of the city has asserted itself, it would seem as if the long hoped-for opportunity to reform our city institutions had presented itself. I cannot think that the humane people of this city will allow the opportunity to go by unaccepted.

Fortunately Mayor Strong has taken the initiative, and made it clear in the beginning that he is ready to do his share toward accomplishing the reforms in question.

With the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, the State Commission in Lunacy, and practically all disinterested humanitarians arrayed in favor of the transfer of the insane of New York city to the State-care system, and the abolition of the Department of Charities and Correction, that move would seem to be inevitable. But not even the seemingly inevitable always comes to pass; hence people and press should be vigilant to expose the motives of any one who may attempt to block these beneficent movements.



THE CHINESE STEEL-ARMORED BARBETTE CRUISER "CHEN-YUEN,"
Sister Ship to the *Ting-yuen*, both of which were sunk by the Japanese during the Engagement in the Harbor of Wei-Hai-Wei, February 7, 1895.
Displacement, 7430 Tons; Length, 308.5 Feet; Beam, 59 Feet; Draught, 20 Feet; Twin Propellers, 6200 Horse-Power; Speed, 14.5 Knots.

A PROBLEM IN NAVAL TACTICS—AT THE WAR COLLEGE, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

THE NAVAL WAR COLLEGE AND ITS WORK.

NONE of the many interesting features presented at the United States Naval Station at Newport, Rhode Island, is more notable than the past season's work of the War College. This college is an American idea, now just a decade old, which has already proved itself so valuable that some foreign governments have asked permission to avail themselves of its privileges, and Germany, Russia, and Sweden have copied it in similar institutions of their own. It has, nevertheless, been a most difficult and discouraging task to bring it forward against the many embarrassments that beset the development of all new ideas. The days of doubt and distress are probably behind it, however, and with a new building and the work of the last two seasons to show for it, its permanence and growth may be assured.

Years ago Admiral Stephen B. Luce was struck by the fact that the officers of the navy were versed in many sciences except the *science of war*. Of strategy they were, as a rule, ignorant. Excellent sailors and drill-masters, they needed to learn how to be far-seeing commanders. A school was needed where this higher knowledge might be gained in advance of the emergency when it would be needed. Wars arise with astonishing suddenness, and it is desirable to discount the risk and cost of experience under fire by studiously formulating plans now to meet all possible contingencies of the future.

Admiral Luce's idea bore fruit in the tentative organization of such a school in 1884, and he was "assigned to duty" as its first president. Newport was chosen as the place, and eight officers attended professional lectures for a month.

The next year Admiral Luce went to sea, but his chair was taken by Captain A. T. Mahan, and another short course was given, greatly assisted by the presence and evolutions of the North Atlantic fleet. Among the lectures was a course on Naval History by Captain Mahan, the preparation of which first led him to that philosophical consideration of sea power in history which has resulted in his great books. It is a signal glory for the college that it should so early have borne this excellent fruit.

The third and fourth years were successful, but were followed by a period of depression, until its friends were able to secure for it a building, and the appointment as its fourth president of Commander H. C. Taylor, one of the original coadjutors of Admiral Luce.

The new building is a conspicuous structure of granite crowning a hill-top at the western end of Coasters Harbor Island. The first floor has offices, committee-rooms, and the library. On the second floor are more committee-rooms, a draughtsmen's room, and two lecture-rooms high enough to allow of suspending the enormous charts constantly made use of.

Here the War College has taken a new and successful departure, and the year's work just closed has been peculiarly practical and progressive. It consisted, first and foremost, in working out a problem in strategy—an application to American naval tactics of the *Kriegspiel* to which the German army, and particularly the officers of the General Staff, owe their high efficiency in mobilization and strategic movement. The story is old, but of undiminished moral, of how an officer waked up Von Moltke at midnight with the news that war had been declared. "Get the portfolio of plans in the third left-hand drawer of the second case," said the Chief of Staff, calmly. "It's all there," and went to sleep.

That complete preparedness against all probable contingencies is the ultimate aim of this institution; and in the absence of an American General Staff, naval officers are here to determine beforehand what an enemy must or would be likely to do in attacking us by sea, and what, under each set of circumstances, is the best way to repel him.

Something of this kind, theoretical and local, had been lectured upon before; but last year Captain Taylor, with the assistance of Commander C. H. Stockton and other officers of his faculty, laid down the conditions of a single grand problem in strategy for the study of the whole class all summer, and out of it have come not only a careful consideration of the proper course in the premises (which are likely at any time to "materialize"), but a vast amount of detailed information of vital importance to rapid and effective concentration and conservation of the defensive energies of both army and navy.

It was with this practical service to the government in view that the problem was made one of naval action in winter along our coast from Sandy Hook to Cape Cod; and as it was to be wholly within existing conditions, the assumption is that we have only the few ships and old-fashioned fortifications of the present against an almost overwhelming naval force of the enemy.

This disparity reduces the question to one of defence, and practically limits it to the waters east of Long Island, with particular attention to Narragansett Bay.

Several great charts of the region were prepared. One was hung in the office of the president, the others in the committee-rooms. In each of these rooms gathered groups of officers supplied with little pawns representing the number of battle-ships, rams, cruisers, torpedo-boats, and other craft, which we might be supposed to be able to gather in the autumn on six weeks' notice, with an enemy twice as numerous approaching. By the aid of these pawns each officer or group of officers works out an independent solution, which is submitted and discussed toward the end of the season.

One of these groups poring over the problem, or playing at a war game, when the "blues" in one room manœuvre a fleet of pawns against the "reds" in another, until one side or the other checkmates its opponent and wins, is very picturesque and interesting. These are not youths, but men of mature judgment and perhaps of white hairs. Most of them have had independent commands in foreign seas, and a few have fought their ships, or, what is better, cleverly avoided fighting them by a firm and tactful demeanor. As this is a regular duty, all are in uniform, representing all grades from ensign to captain, and both the navy and the marine corps. Moreover, some Swedish officers of high rank are in attendance at the request of their government, and representatives of the Revenue Marine, the Rhode Island Naval Reserve, and usually an artilleryman or two from Fort Adams, are present, so that there is no lack of variety and color in the picture. When it happened as it did one day that two Chinese naval officers were present, in their gorgeous robes, the little room fairly glowed with martial light and ardor.

But, to return to the problem, the mere placing of the small defensive squadron in some narrow or protected place, where it can hold its own against the superior enemy or possibly operate against him, is only one of the things to be considered. Conceded that the naval defence shall be somewhere between Fishers Island and Nantucket, what is the best station? Shall we try to prevent his getting into Buzzards Bay by engaging him or forcing him to fight us in Vineyard Sound? Shall we leave these waters to him and make a stand in Narragansett Bay? Or shall we attempt to defend the entrance to Long Island Sound, with Gardiners Bay as a base of operations?

Supposing, as is likely, he is able to land a force of, say, 30,000 soldiers at Wickford (not for invasion, but to co-operate with the navy, whose real objective is New York), how shall this be counteracted? Or suppose he is able or permitted to enter the undefended western (Dutch Island) channel of Narragansett Bay while we are in possession of the eastern and northern parts of the bay, what shall be done? The enemy guards the entrances with his heavy ships and sends lighter ones to protect the northern flank near Wickford while he lands his troops somewhere above Narragansett Pier. What shall be our tactics? Shall we attack during disembarkation; by night or by day; at what points; and in what formation? If our base at this time were in Gardiners Bay, how should we proceed? And supposing the enemy were able to effect a landing in spite of our marines, and pressed us back until we had lost not only the mainland as far west as New London, but Fishers Island and the entrance to the Sound as well, ought we to try to defend the broad opening of Gardiners Bay, or retire into Peconic Bay?

There would be no time to make up our minds on these questions during the month of warning, which would hardly suffice to collect our fleet. Still less would there be time to learn the many facts as to supplies and land co-operation necessary to know before a commander can be sure he has chosen the wisest position.

Hence the question of tactical formation, which seems to be foremost, is one of the very last—the apex of a pyramid of facts so slowly to be acquired that it would be the height of folly to wait until the enemy's topmasts loomed upon the horizon before we set about gathering it.

Every yard of the coast and fathom of coast waters should be accurately known and charted; the capability of all the small bays and inlets as covered retreats for ships; the best places to obtain coal at wharves or from colliers; the nooks and corners where torpedo-boats may lurk and dash out or retreat and hide; the low points behind which dynamiters may lie, ready to throw their awful missiles over upon an approaching ship. The resources of each particular part of the coast which might aid the navy in its defence should be thoroughly understood. The precise value of the existing forts must be gauged, and the value of other localities as sites of new intrenchments, so that time and money may not be wasted in fortifications strategically worthless, or where material is not at hand, or water and fuel and healthfulness for the garrison are absent. A war map should show the proper place for every signal-station for communication between ships and the shore; the proper course of the telegraph lines connecting them with any base; the course of all the railroads, and their exact capacity; and the number of cars required to carry coal and supplies to a fleet at this station or that should be calculated to a fraction in advance. In short, the naval commander of a coast-defence squadron should know precisely what he can do and depend upon, and have it cut and dried and labelled, so that wherever the enemy strikes he has only to hand down Portfolio No. 3, or No. 7, and follow a plan of campaign laid out long before.

It is only in this way that the experience and knowledge of the best men can become available to their successors and to the whole people, and this is what the War College is doing. Its faculty and its students have been studying the field of their problem with reference to all these things, and when their combined investigations are plotted upon one map, that will be a unique chart, and one which Mr. Enemy would be very glad indeed to get a copy of.

This has not been all of the work of the course, nevertheless, nor will it be in future, when other sections of

coast and problems of defence will be taken up successively and similarly treated. Series of able lectures by experts in various branches of naval warfare have laid before the class a unique collection of information as to tactics of all sorts—the relative weight and tactical value of armor, the gun, ram, torpedo, etc. (special facilities for learning the torpedo being afforded by the torpedo station here); high-speed machinery and manœuvres; coal endurance, signalling, and many other details of naval warfare. To none of these, however, has such continuous attention been given as to international law—a matter of the first importance to every naval commander, who must often act the diplomat when quite out of reach of advice.

These lectures and studies are not only of great value in the instruction which they actually impart and the information which they are the means of collecting for the government, but perform the great service of awakening an interest in the minds of the officers of the navy in new objects and methods of investigation, which many of them will continue to pursue privately, not only to the great benefit of their own minds and reputations, but to the positive advantage of the service.

All these things considered, it would seem as though nothing in the wide circle of national work is more deserving of public sympathy and hearty support than the Naval War College at Newport.

CARY'S "LIFE OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS."

It was eminently fitting that the life of George William Curtis should be written by a man who, like Mr. Edward Cary, has been for many years a devoted and active adherent to the cause of civil service reform, the cause to which Mr. Curtis dedicated the last two decades of his life. Mr. Cary writes about Mr. Curtis in the series of "American Men of Letters," and from his training he is well fitted to criticise Mr. Curtis's literary no less than his political activity. But, important though Mr. Curtis's literary work was, it came second to the work he did as a civil service reformer, and as an advocate of decency and cleanliness in governmental methods.

Mr. Curtis was of New England origin, but all of his active life was passed in New York. He had in him that vein of delight in the far-off and the half-known, that appreciation of things outside of the circle with which he was most familiar, that made him, in the best sense, a citizen of the world; but what was more important, his robust common-sense, love of country, and desire to do practical good in the world, made him first and foremost an American. When a lad he was one of the remarkable Brook Farm group, and he was closely connected with many of the early antislavery reformers. In many of these men the spirit of genuine and lofty altruism with which they were saturated tended at times to cloud from their view the fact that a man's first allegiance and his first duty are to his country, and that he can best benefit the whole world by working to benefit the nation of which he is a part. Many a dreamer, many a man who is overcivilized and over-cultivated, needs even now to be reminded that, as the world at present is, cosmopolitanism is a poor substitute for patriotism, and that the man whose sympathies are as great for other countries as for his own is generally an even poorer citizen of the world than citizen of his native land. But Curtis, though a warm-hearted, eager, imaginative young man of impressionable nature, possessed a fund of humor and hearty honesty which prevented his being warped and twisted by the ultra reformers with whom he associated. He soon saw that the men who stood entirely aloof from all others, who declined to work with their fellows, and who wished to reform by violent convulsion, were not the men who really did the world's work, and with his usual good-tempered courtesy he parted with his Brook Farm friends and went his own way.

He early showed leanings toward a literary life, and after a trip to Europe he definitely made literature his profession. He was a lecturer and an editor; an essayist whose essays were not only charming in style and manner, but refreshingly wholesome in substance; and he wrote books which, if they cannot be said to have taken their place among the classics of our land, yet certainly possess far more than ephemeral value. His *Potiphar Papers* give a vivid picture of one side of New York social life in the decade before the civil war, and they are healthy reading because of the fine scorn they show for what is mean, base, and ignoble—the contemptuous dislike of the rich man and the rich woman who are incapable of turning their wealth to any but low or trivial uses, and who do not have it in them to entertain a noble or disinterested aspiration. The Four Hundred of that day were given to Gallomania instead of Anglomania; but much that Curtis wrote forty years ago could with advantage be read at the present day by those classes who are prone to pay over-much heed to the luxury of mere wealth, and who show but a faint consciousness of either the tremendous responsibilities or the extraordinary interests of American life.

Throughout the civil war, and during the years immediately preceding and following it, Mr. Curtis took a great interest in practical politics as a Republican. He knew well that reform could not be accomplished by the men who merely sit at home and criticise others. He understood that while in politics every man must retain liberty of independent thought and action, he must nevertheless accomplish his ends by association with others, and must therefore necessarily be prepared to subordinate and modify his own prejudices and to accept less than all he believes or wishes in order to get some tangible result. Mr. Curtis took an active hand in party management, attending primaries and caucuses, and being a delegate to county, State, and national conventions. His eloquence, and the respect everywhere felt for his entire purity and disinterestedness, made him of weight in every convention, and in more than one he played a leading part. He gradually grew out of sympathy with the Republican party, and finally, together with many others who felt as he did, he definitely sundered his connection with it. Such breaks occur in all parties, and they are usually attended with great bitterness of feeling between the men who remain in the party and those who go out—a bitterness often proportional to the agreement of these men on other matters than the issues which sunder them, and to the very similarity of their traits and convictions. Mr. Curtis was singularly free from this bitterness, and took no part in the vindictive quarrels into which not a few of the leaders on both sides were drawn.

In fact, one of the very great services rendered by Mr. Curtis was his service to the cause of honorable political journalism. Exactly as some public men of high private morality adopt a different and a far lower standard in public life, so many journalists descend in print to vituperation and misstatement in reference to political opponents which they would be first to condemn any man's using in private life about his social or business acquaintances. Mr. Curtis, on the contrary, was scrupulously careful to abstain from all sensationalism, never to impugn motives when he could avoid doing so, and to treat with all courtesy men who disagreed with him on public questions. I can conceive of no more useful missionary work at the present moment than to make the average editor, whether a party man or an independent, carefully read Mr. Curtis's editorials and adopt their style of treating public men of opposite political faith.

The greatest service rendered by Mr. Curtis was his service to the cause of decent government and of honesty in public life by his advocacy of the merit system and his unceasing warfare upon spoils-mongering of every kind. He was a man of the utmost refinement, and the foul brutality, the swinishness, of a scramble for office revolted him in every fibre of his nature. Moreover, he was a man capable of lofty and passionate indignation over wrong-doing, and on this account especially he abhorred the spoils system for the misery and suffering it causes to the weak, no less than for the unspeakable degradation it produces in the strong. No thoroughly clean-minded man of courage and good common-sense can think about the question at all and not become a determined advocate of what is known as civil service reform. The spoils system does harm to the public service, for it introduces an unworthy class of men into it, and it keeps these men forever in fear of removal for reasons entirely unconnected with whether they serve the public well or ill. But its great harm is not to the public service, but to political life; and the reform should be advocated chiefly not because it introduces businesslike and sensible methods into the administration of our affairs, but because it works for the regeneration of our whole public life. Probably the spoils system has been more fruitful than any other one cause in tending to degrade American politics. There are always at work tendencies which tell in favor of good government, and tendencies which tell in favor of bad; and among the latter the spoils system has always been the most powerful. In the last resort there is but little difference between bribing with office and bribing with money, and politicians who get accustomed to one form of sin against good government inevitably in the end recognize and countenance the other.

Moreover, the spoils system puts a premium upon the activity of the lowest and the vilest in our public life, and therefore tends steadily to discourage men who are pure and disinterested from doing their proper share of governmental work. Where the reward is given to baseness, and where decency in a public man is discouraged, the boss and the heeler are sure to flourish rankly. Under Gresham's law, in the monetary world, where base coins are allowed to circulate freely with those of good weight they inevitably drive out the latter. The law of the spoils system is just the same in the political world. Under it, where baseness is rewarded instead of honesty, where the man whose moral metal is short weight is given an advantage over the man who does his full duty to the State disinterestedly, there can be but one end—decent men are driven out of politics, or at least the tendency to minimize the effect of their action becomes constantly greater, and must so continue until the conditions which bring it about are themselves altered. It is not alone by individual practice and precept that men should strive to better the government, though this is of course the ground-work for all action for good. In addition there must be positive work done in the enactment of law, and in the faithful observance and administration of the law when enacted. Mr. Curtis was one of those who strove from the beginning to secure the passage of a civil service act, and who were mainly instrumental in putting on the statute-books the present law. His interest did not cease with the enactment of the law. He was not one of those amiable but foolish people who thought that the spoils system was abolished the minute that the act of 1883 was signed by President Arthur. He knew that the battle had only been begun; the first and all-important vantage-point had been gained. In every way he sought to secure an extension of the service to which the law was applied, the enactment of legislation which would supplement it, and the punishment of those who offended against it, or who were lax or lukewarm in their support of it. To no man more than to Mr. Curtis are the believers in civil service reform indebted. He took a leading part in a great work, and political friends and political foes alike bore testimony at his death not only to his sincerity and disinterestedness, not only to the purity and loftiness of his life, but to the effectiveness of his labors in the cause with which he was most clearly identified.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE WRECKED ON A RAILWAY.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

Having just taken part in a very serious railway wreck, I know how it feels myself. And having had two or three days with the other survivors, I have found out how they describe the sensation. It occurs to me that all other accounts of the experiences of persons in such a catastrophe have been hastily gathered and written for the daily press, and that there may be interest as well as novelty in a calm and thorough account of such an adventure written one week after it is over.

The transcontinental train of the day was bowling down a sharp grade, a day late, on the Southern Pacific tracks, and was approaching the foot of the Sierra Nevada chain. It was making at least forty miles an hour. It consisted of an engine, two mail-cars, an express car, a diner, a day car, and two Pullman sleepers. The land on either side of it as it flew down the grade was part of what remains of the Great American Desert. It was six o'clock, and night and darkness had already closed around it. I had gone forward to the dining-car, and was enjoying the novelty of an *à la carte* dinner, such as is only served—so far as I know—on the Southern Pacific system. I had peppered my roast chicken and hashed potatoes, and was indulging in an attempt to revive a youthful memory by soaking some buttered bread in the double portion of stewed tomatoes which I had ordered. Suddenly the dish of tomatoes shot from the table to that one of my coat tails which was spread out upon the corner of the upholstered bench on which I sat. The chicken was flung into my lap, and I had time to notice that a handful of toothpicks, in a silver cup on a shelf by my side, went up like water from a fountain, and fell in a long thin stream down the narrow neck of the water-carafe at my elbow.

It seemed to me that the train had received just such a jolt as a train gets when a locomotive is clumsily connected with it. The jar was no greater than that—just a sudden, short, sharp interruption of the easy sliding motion of our rapid flight down the hill. There were two ladies dining across the aisle, on the other side of the car. A waiter was by my side, and the dining-car conductor was at the farther end of the car. I was dining with Dr. Bowes of San Francisco, who sat opposite me at the same table. I noticed that the ladies—one gray-haired, the other under the middle age—were as calm as I. I never was more calm, for I did not dream what had happened. I asked the doctor what he supposed had caused that shock. Just then the car, which had stopped for an instant, moved on again—slowly—with a terrible powerful bumping motion. It had left the track, and was being dragged over the ties. I stood up, but instantly remembered that I had heard that in a railway accident it is safest to be seated. I had been told that if one stands up he is too easily thrown off his feet, perhaps very violently. I think I said, "Don't get up—keep your seats." At any rate, some one said it just as the thought occurred to me. The doctor also had risen, but both of us sat down.

The car did not bump over the ties for more than two seconds, or for a longer distance than twenty feet. Then it stood still, and perfect silence reigned. The silence was broken by the waiter, who said: "De train's wrecked. I knew it was coming. I spected it—shuah." The ladies still kept their seats, but I rose and went to the door, meaning to get upon terra firma and see what had happened. I knew now that when that first shock came the locomotive had struck a steel wedge hammered into a "frog," had left the rails, had been running over the ties for two hundred feet, and had suddenly brought us to a temporary standstill by rolling over on its side across the track, where it turned over and over like a rolling-pin in the hands of a pie-baker. It was the momentum of the heavy train behind it that shoved it on again. It was the action of the automatic safety brake that brought us to a standstill as soon as the brake was parted or broken between the engine and the head car.

I could not leave the front door of the diner, because the narrow passage was blocked by a young girl with the ghastliest, whitest face I ever saw. She was a school-teacher, who had got on the train at Lovelocks, and was going to Carson, where she lived, for a well-earned vacation. She said afterward, as I led her to my seat and pressed a pillow behind her back, that she was walking in a sort of a dream when I met her; that she was held on her feet by a man who gripped each of her elbows, and that she wondered at each step how she could summon the muscles which would enable her to put one foot before the other. Next to the newsboy, she was the most badly frightened person on the train. I took her out into the air and walked her up and down, and diverted her with the most idiotic jokes to relieve her mind, until, at last, she was able to take a cup of tea and be introduced to the other ladies on the train.

But in the mean time I had run out of the car by the other door and had witnessed a remarkable sight. The engine had rid itself of every tube and pipe and cock and projection of every sort, and lay across the track, all covered with mud, a mere boiler that looked a thousand years out of service. The cab had dissolved into a million little splinters, and was not to be seen or even traced. The first postal car had gone sideways into the desert, and the next two cars lay in the mud beside it. All three had lost their trucks, and were wrenched and wrecked and gaping. The first coach, a day car, was standing on one edge of its side at an angle of forty-five degrees, and from under it a brakeman looked up—dead, pinned under the car, with a smile on his handsome young face. In the car the stove had emptied its red-hot coals on the floor, and then the water-tank had flung itself upon the coals and deluged them and put out their fires. The car behind the day car was the diner. It was the last to leave the track. The Pullman coaches had not been dislodged from the rails or injured in any way. Yet in front of them, in less than five seconds, more damage had been done than could be repaired by able workmen in a month. Even the track was destroyed, and where it remained the ties had been wrenched all askew as they rested in the earth.

The engineer and fireman were both injured slightly, but they had no story to tell. They simply said that they felt the engine leave the track and rush onward in a strange way, but that they knew absolutely nothing until they were brought back to consciousness by finding themselves in the mud, where both were flung when the engine began to roll and roll like a barrel. There was no one in the first mail-car. In the second post-office car the two men at work said that they remembered no great shock, but that the car seemed to leave the track and float in the air as a boat floats or a feather flies. One distributer was preparing supper. He was cooking tomatoes, and had opened a can of condensed milk. A shower of letters precipitated itself in the corner where he was at work, and twenty-four hours later two discoveries enriched popular science. One was that condensed milk will stick letters together like glue. The other was that tomato juice will obliterate the addresses on envelopes as completely as if the addresses had never been written. The two men clung to the iron rails above their heads under the car roof, and presently the car ceased to float, and stopped short in the mud as if it had hit a stone wall. Three hours later they would have gone to a bed in that part of the forward car that was wrenched away and may have gone to Saturn or the moon, for it has never since been seen. In the express car the messenger and a valuable Chinese dog were amusing one another. The messenger had made up a bed in its usual place in the forward end of the car. Suddenly he saw a great box, as solid as lead, thrown on his bed, where it would certainly have killed him had he been lying down. He saw eighteen bars of silver bullion, weighing seventy-

five pounds each, assume a battalion formation, and rush along the careening floor of the car toward the little dog, and he realized—nothing of the truth, except that his car was acting very queerly. The little dog was not hurt. He set us all a good example of philosophical behavior as he gravely walked around the wreck, smelling it, after he was rescued.

The newsboy was in the day car, and was overcome with fright. "I don't want no more railroading," said he. "I'll throw up this job as soon as I get to Sacramento." And yet on the very next morning, as we strolled around the wreckage, that Arab emerged from the tattered day car with a box in his hand, and with his old familiar cry of, "Cigars—cigars, gents." The whole train-load burst into its first roar of laughter at this sign of his recovery from his fright.

While the train hands dug the dead brakeman out from under the wreck, we who had been at dinner went back to it. We heard that the gray-haired lady had behaved in an extraordinary manner the instant the train halted.

"Well, now," she said to the waiter, "what are we going to do to keep warm, I want to know?"

"Ef de coal gins out I reckon we'll have to warm up by de gas," said he.

"Mercy on us!" said the old lady. "It's very provoking. How will we get food?"

"At de rate folks is eating now," said the waiter, "I reckon we'll have food enough for a month."

She thought only of herself and her comfort. The waiter interested me more. I asked him what he meant by saying he knew that we were going to be wrecked.

"Oh, I felt it a-coming," said he.

"You expected it all day?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," said he. "I've been erspecting it fer sixteen years. Dis yer ole car is de onluckies' car on de road, an' I always knew it would get in a wreck."

The engineer, cut and bruised all over, the fireman, less hurt, and the dead brakeman were all put in the express car for the night, while the passengers stood by a bonfire of the wreckage out in the desert under the yet sullen sky, telling over and over again their experiences in the accident. The persons in the Pullman cars had nothing to tell except that their coaches had stopped, and then gone on for a second or two, and then stopped again. We saw a wrecking-train come up to the scene, and presently a lot of Chinese and Irish laborers began the work of building a temporary track around the wreck. We had light and heat, and slept comfortably that night, and in exactly twenty hours were again on our way to the Sierras, to be snowed up tight and fast for forty-eight hours.

THE TILDEN LIBRARY.

It is now nearly nine years since Samuel J. Tilden died, requesting his executors and trustees "to obtain as speedily as possible from the Legislature an act of incorporation of an institution to be known as the 'Tilden Trust,' with capacity to establish and maintain a free library and reading-room in the city of New York, and to promote such scientific and educational objects as my said executors and trustees may more particularly designate." In other words, Mr. Tilden, wishing to leave an honorable monument to himself, and to benefit his fellow-citizens of New York, gave his executors authority to do what they should think best, expressing, moreover, his own preference for a library or for the furthering of science and education. The will was contested, and at one time it looked as though the public would derive no benefit whatever from the six millions of dollars, more or less, that Mr. Tilden left; but as a result of a judicious compromise the trustees have now available some two millions of dollars. The Tilden Trust was duly incorporated in 1887, nearly eight years ago; but the people are now no nearer to the enjoyment of Mr. Tilden's noble gift than they were when he died. The task before the trustees is difficult indeed, for two million dollars is a wholly inadequate sum to buy the site for a great public library, erect a stately building, equip it, stock it with books, and endow it with means for its administration and for its further growth.

Within the past fortnight a suggestion has been made that seems to offer the trustees a way out of their difficulty. It has been intimated that Columbia College is willing to give the Tilden Library a site on the new grounds of the college, and to turn over its own library, some 200,000 volumes, and to provide for future care and administration. Thus one million of the Tilden Trust could be expended on the beautiful monumental building that Mr. McKim has designed, and another million could be invested to provide for the yearly purchases of new books. In return for the locating of the library on the grounds of the college, the Tilden trustees would be relieved of the necessity of paying for a site and of reserving funds for maintenance and of buying the first two hundred thousand volumes.

Of all the public libraries of New York that of Columbia College has been of late years the most used and the most liberally managed. Although intended chiefly for the two hundred and fifty instructors of Columbia and for the two thousand students, it is really opened freely to every qualified applicant. At once a lending library and a storehouse of books of reference of all sorts, it is open early in the morning and late at night. There is no library in the city that all earnest students would be so glad to see enlarged as that of Columbia, for there is no other in which the scholar is made more welcome or in which the inquirer is more efficiently aided in his researches. When the college moves to its new site near the Riverside Drive, then New York will have the Astor Library for the lower part of the city, the Lenox Library for the upper east side, and the library on the Columbia College grounds for the upper west side—an excellent distribution, not unlike that which Chicago has wisely adopted for its three great libraries.

In case the Tilden trustees choose to avail themselves of the opportunity thus within their reach, and we see the Tilden Library thus realized at last, and on this most satisfactory basis, not only will they have carried out to the letter Mr. Tilden's first desire, that they should "establish and maintain a free library and reading-room," while at the same time also accomplishing his second wish of promoting "scientific and educational objects," but they will also secure for him a splendid memorial in a most conspicuous situation. In no long time now, as Grant's tomb and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine near completion, and as the new buildings of St. Luke's Hospital and of Columbia College (with its allies, the Teacher's College and Barnard College) cluster together on the lofty plateau between Morningside Park and the Riverside Drive, that part of New York is certain to become a centre for sight-seers from all parts of the Union.

The new grounds of Columbia College are two and a half times the size of Madison Square; and plans have recently been adopted which provide finally for the distribution of all the buildings which may now or ever hereafter be erected thereon. For all time to come the many edifices to be erected in that great quadrangle will centre around the massive library, which will stand alone in its lofty dignity, lifting its mighty dome high over all the surrounding buildings. In what it will be externally, and in what it will contain internally, no monument could better keep the founder's name in the sight of men or more fitly preserve his memory in honor.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

EVERY newspaper we take up has its list of the newly dead. We read it without emotion. Perhaps it has a bit of news for us. If it has, we take note of it; but whatever word it brings is part of our daily experience, and we accept it as a matter of course. But a catastrophe like the sinking of the *Elbe* is a blow to our self-conceit as living human beings. Thousands of us, as we have read about it, have asked ourselves how we should have borne ourselves if we had been there. To die is the common lot. We are in no great terror of that. Most of us feel that we can die handsomely enough if time is given us. But to die unforewarned and under sudden compulsion is a different matter. Happy are they who, when they search their own spirits, are conscious of some secret hoard of fortitude on which they could rely.

The moral of the loss of the *Elbe* varies according to the moralist's nationality and point of view. A Washington newspaper correspondent says it was the old, old story of how women and children have no chance in a bad wreck unless they happen to be under the stars and stripes or the union-jack. Americans and Englishmen, this writer avers, are the only mariners afloat who make way for the weakest in the face of death. On the other hand, the Paris papers execrate the behavior of the officers and crew of the *Crathie*, recalling that English sailors are proverbially brutal, and that the conduct of the *Crathie's* captain was what might have been expected of an English sailor.

The culpability of the *Crathie* and her people will be determined in court, but there is little prospect, at this writing, that enough will ever be known about what happened on the *Elbe* to base a sure opinion on. The nine surviving passengers, eight of them men, seem to have received a poor impression of the thirteen members of the ship's company who were saved with them. The only woman who survived the wreck insisted on being taken into the boat, and was dragged in apparently against the wishes of some of the men already aboard. Captain Von Goessel seems to have been true to his trust, and certainly to have died honorably. But for the rest, a hopeless gloom hangs over the whole tragedy. A crash, a shudder, a short twenty minutes of confused and futile effort, and then there was nothing left but one small boat rolling on the waves in instant peril of being swallowed up. Heroes there must have been, but no one tells their story. The rescued passengers bring only broken-hearted statements that make nothing very clear. There is no comfort to be got out of the story of the *Elbe* except in the consciousness of pious minds that God is everywhere, and is present as much in the depths of the sea as when the ground is firm underfoot and the birds sing in the sunshine.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, Mr. Opie Read, and Professor McClintock, of the University of Chicago, have been talking over the literary situation before the Sunset Club of Chicago. Professor McClintock said we were having a remarkable revival of story-telling, following a remarkable century of reason, science, and common-sense. The great school of realism, he thought, had passed its climax, and would go into decay. Mr. Garland also thought we were having a revival, but to his mind it seemed a revival of the "shilling shocker," put in better covers than of old, and published by houses of greater reputation. He thought that Doyle and Weyman were overrated, and that in ten years' time their books would be as dead as Hugh Conway's *Called Back*. The present vogue of the sublimated "shocker" he attributed to distressful times, which tired men out, and sent them home at night, after a day of worry, with a craving to be amused. He believed that the appetite for more placid and thoughtful literature would come back when better times brought some relief from the strain on the American mind.

Mr. Garland may be partly right in his views of the influence of the times on literature. In America, and in England too, there are thousands of people harassed by business perplexities who read books for relief, and have not much energy to spare for the consideration of ethical or social problems. The economic problem that is nearest to them gives them plenty to puzzle over. Even in the best of times there are many minds in that jaded state, but it is likely enough that nowadays there are many more than usual. All this may help the story-books, but it does not wholly account for them. Many of them account perfectly for themselves. Such tales as some of Mr. Kipling's, and more of Mr. Stevenson's, would have been read eagerly in the best of times, and, indeed, those authors made their reputations when business in this country was exceptionally prosperous. As for Mr. Doyle and Mr. Weyman, they do not assume to be writers of classics, and will probably smile at Mr Garland's prediction of a ten-year limit to their popularity. If they hold their present audience as long as that they will do surprisingly well, and each of them will have a handsome row of good and profitable stories to his credit.

There was something the matter with the realistic school besides the hard times. Perhaps it was dull, or commonplace, or painful. Perhaps through tribulation it may learn to make a livelier foot and to be more interesting.

February the 18th proximo is George Peabody's centennial day. It is to be celebrated with enthusiastic ceremonies at Peabody (*née* Danvers), Massachusetts, his birthplace, and in many other places both in America and England. Mr. Peabody was the first to awaken in the minds of his countrymen a due appreciation of the immense public convenience of having millionaires. More by example than by precept he established a new standard of usefulness for Americans of large means. Not many of those who have succeeded him have fully squared with his standard, but a surprising number have showed a tendency to try, and have tried, with remarkable results. The service he rendered in teaching every-day Americans what to expect of their rich brethren was thoroughly done. No contemporary people expect so much of their millionaires as the Americans do, and in the case of no other people is the proportion of realization to hope so satisfactory.

The extraordinary strength of G. Peabody's hold on the affections of the Americans appears in the fact that though in middle life he moved out of this country and went to live in London, he was kindly received whenever he returned, and when finally he came home to be buried, he had one of the largest funerals ever known in New England. Can any other case be recalled in which a rich American who went to London to live was afterwards forgiven by his countrymen?

We owe it to the late Mr. Ward McAllister that two inoffensive English words have taken the place of the less inoffensive "upper ten" and the French words "*haut ton*" and "*élite*." When Mr. McAllister accidentally remarked that there were about four hundred active members in New York society, he made it easier for Americans to express themselves in their own tongue, and without being beholden to the French. Every considerable town now has its Four Hundred. The words convey an idea that every one understands. That they are usually taken somewhat humorously is not a defect, since no Four Hundred has yet come to light which is not a somewhat humorous body.

The list of pictures by the late John M. Tracy to be sold on the evenings of February 20th and 21st includes 132 paintings, the greater part of them on sporting subjects involving the dogs, horses, and landscapes which the artist liked best to paint. These pictures will be sold at auction, without reserve, the sale beginning at eight o'clock each evening. In the catalogue is the large picture "Candidates for the Horse Show" (shown at the autumn exhibition of the National Academy of Design in 1894), and the very well known "Chesapeake Bay Dog Retrieving a Wild Goose." Among the most charming of the genre pictures is "The Orphans," in which a little girl is feeding two lambkins from a milk-bottle.

In the field he most affected, Mr. Tracy was recognized at home and abroad as a painter of the first distinction. He was born in 1844, in Rochester, Ohio, studied first in Chicago, and later in Paris, where, in 1867, he became a student in the *École des Beaux-Arts*, and afterwards a pupil of Adolphe Yvon, Isidore Pils, and Carolus Duran. From the time of his return home until his death, in 1892, he worked diligently and with increasing success. The pictures now to be sold include a number of interesting studies intended for future elaboration.

An "appreciation" of Mr. Paul Du Chaillu as a man and a writer, which appears in the Boston *Commonwealth*, includes the information that Mr. Du Chaillu has nearly finished three new books, all of them for young people—two on the Vikings, the other a story of African travel. With most men a necessary precedent to the writing of books is to travel, study, meditate, or explore. Mr. Du Chaillu has done all those things so extensively in time past that nowadays when he writes a book for young people it is probable that he has nothing much more arduous to do than to recall, remember, and select. So he is able to have three books on the stocks at once, and good books all of them are sure to prove.

It is recorded of the late Dr. Gordon, of Boston, long pastor of the strongest Baptist church in New England, that he was a strong and active prohibitionist, a firm believer in the speedy coming of Christ, and a believer in divine healing. So many side persuasions an orthodox divine may lean to, without prejudice to his influence and reputation, provided only he has the discretion to hold fast to essentials and to keep the business of his office well in hand. Believing too much seems not to get clergymen into hot water nowadays so often as believing too little.

E. S. MARTIN.

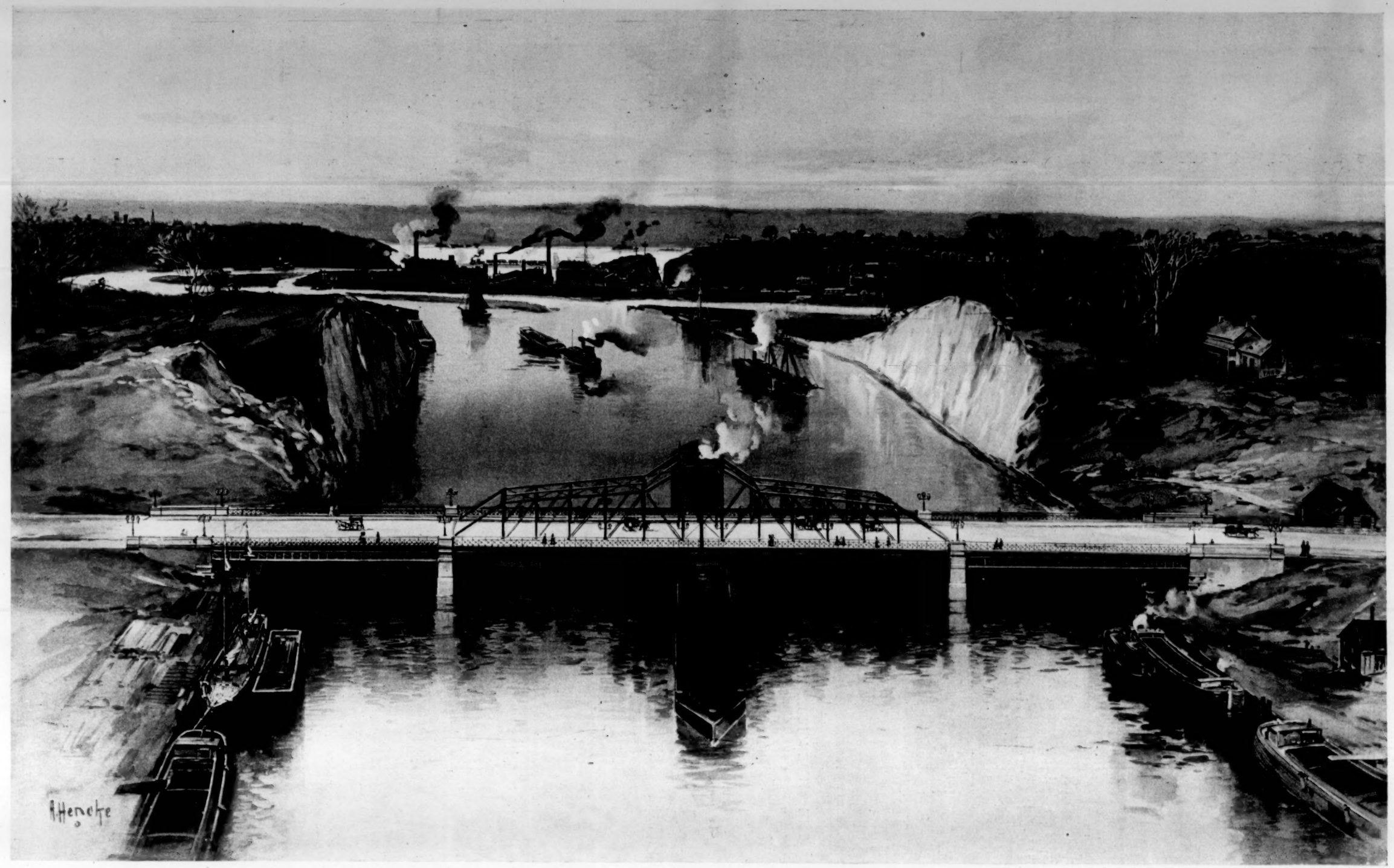
THE HARLEM RIVER SHIP-CANAL.

THE water-reach upon the north side of New York known as Spuyten Duyvil Creek and the Harlem River has hitherto been generally regarded as a pleasureway for launches and amateur boatmen, but now to New York in the needs of its commercial expansion and necessity for more wharfage there has come the discovered want of a ship-canal that shall unite the Hudson and East rivers.

This idea has taken shape in the construction of a canal four hundred feet wide and fifteen feet deep upon this natural waterway, which will add ten miles to New York's available water-front. There have been many difficulties to surmount in the way of making this improvement. The bridges that have to be built at special elevations, particularly that at Kingsbridge, formed no insignificant element.

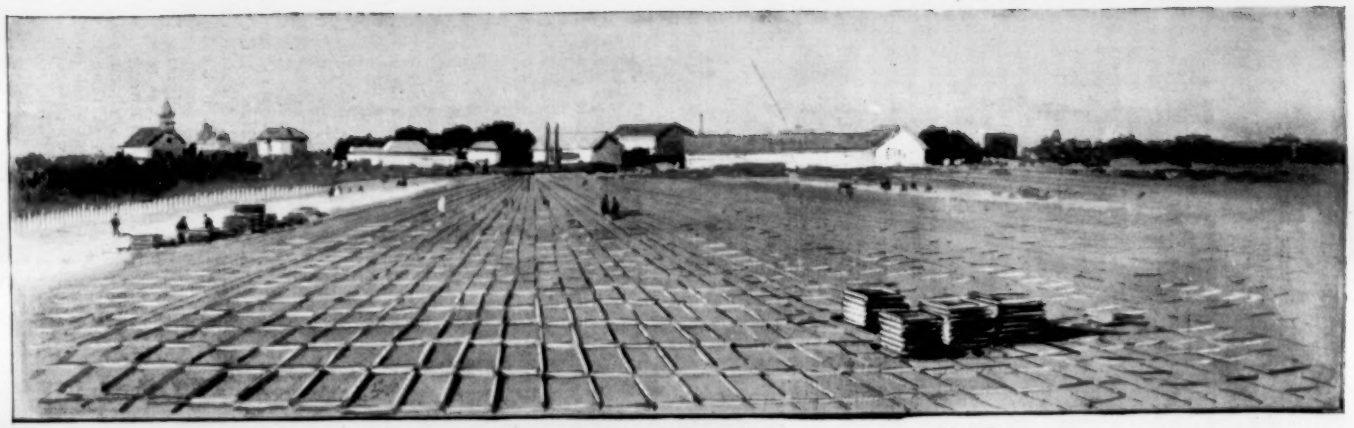
The work of construction, which was begun in May, 1887, should be finished by the 1st of October next. It will complete the chain of water communication round Manhattan Island, and will afford vessels of light draught a short-cut from the Hudson to the Sound.

A notable feature has been the deep cut of eighty-five feet through a formation of white marble which crops out at the northern end of Manhattan Island, and the twelve-hundred-foot improvement of Duyckman Creek, through Duyckman Meadow, connecting Spuyten Duyvil Creek and Harlem River.

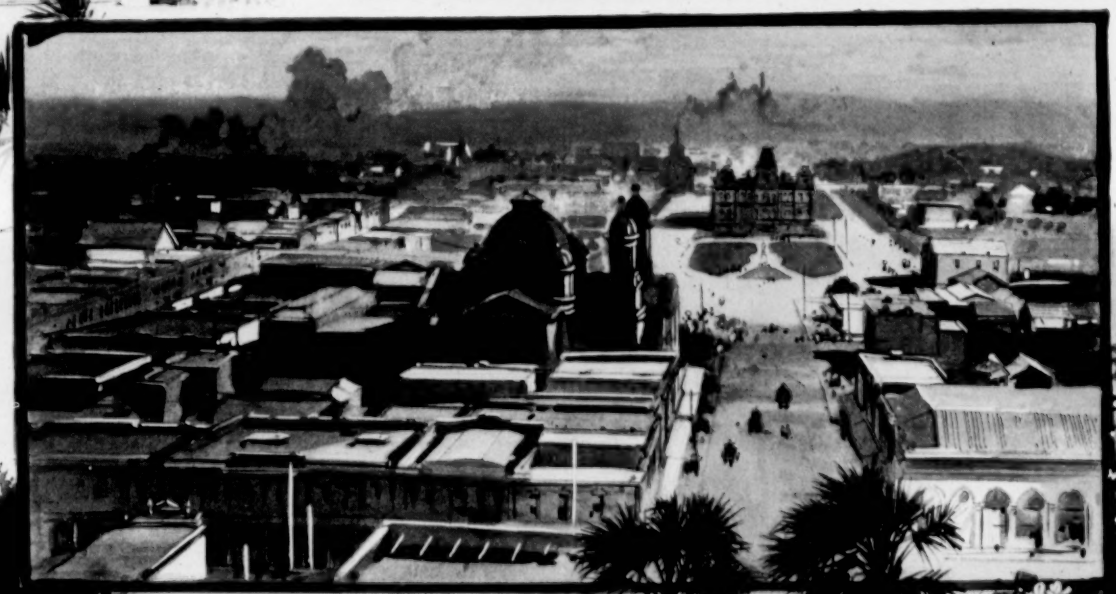


THE NEW SHIP-CANAL AT KINGSBRIDGE, CONNECTING THE HARLEM AND HUDSON RIVERS.—Drawn by Al. Hencke.—[See Page 151.]

Court House



Drying Prunes.



View of city from Electric Tower

The Post Office

St James Park.

The Ste Claire Club Home

SAN JOSE.
The Garden City
OF
California

SCENES IN AND ABOUT SAN JOSÉ.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 155.]

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ALARM.

AT that time a brasier in the market-place and three or four lanterns at street crossings made up the most of the public lighting. When I paused, therefore, to breathe my horse on the brow of the slope which rises beyond the Valandré bridge and looked back on Cahors, I saw only low darkness broken here and there by a blur of yellow light; that still, by throwing up a fragment of wall or eaves, told in some mysterious way of the sleeping city. The river, a faint line, conjectured rather than seen, wound round all. Above, clouds were flying across the sky, and a wind, cold for the time of year—cold at least after the heat of the day—chilled the blood and slowly filled the mind with the solemnity of night.

As I stood listening to the breathing of the horses, the excitement in which I had passed the last few hours died away, and left me wondering—wondering and a little regretful. The exaltation gone, I found the scene I had just left flavorless; I even began to find it worse; some false note in the boastful voices and the selfish, the utterly selfish, plans to which I had been listening for hours, made itself heard now in the stillness. Madame's "We are France," which had sounded well enough amid the lights and glitter of the salon, among laces and fripons and rose-pink coats, seemed folly in the face of the infinite night, behind which lay twenty-five millions of Frenchmen.

However, what I had done, I had done. I had the white cockade on my breast. I was pledged to order—and to my order. And it might be the better course. But, with reflection, enthusiasm faded; and by some strange process, as it faded, and the scene in which I had just taken part lost its hold, the errand which had brought me to Cahors recovered importance. As Madame St. Alais's influence grew weak, the memory of mademoiselle sitting lonely and scared in her coach grew vivid, until I turned my horse fretfully and endeavored to lose the thought in rapid movement.

But it is not so easy to escape from one's self at night as in the day. The soughing of the wind through the chestnut-trees, the drifting clouds, and the sharp ring of hoofs on the road, all laid as it were a solemn finger on the pulses and stilled them. The men behind me talked in sleepy voices or rode silently. The town lay a hundred leagues behind. Not a light appeared anywhere. In the world of night through which we rode, a world of black mysterious bulks rising suddenly against the gray sky and as suddenly sinking, we were the only inhabitants.

At last we reached the hill above St. Alais, and I looked eagerly for lights in the valley, forgetting that as it wanted only an hour of midnight the village would have retired hours before. The disappointment and the delay, for the steepness of the hill forbade any but a walking pace, fretted me; and when I heard, a moment later, a certain noise behind me, a noise I knew only too well, I flared up.

"Halt!" I cried, reining in my horse and turning in the saddle. "That mare has broken her shoe again, and you are riding on as if nothing were the matter! Get down and see. Do you think that I—"

"Pardon, monsieur," Gil muttered. He had been sleeping in his saddle.

He scrambled down. The mare he rode, a valuable one, had a knack of breaking her hind shoe, after which she inevitably lamed herself at the first opportunity. Buton had tried every method of shoeing, but without success.

I leaned down while he lifted the foot. My ear had not deceived me; the shoe was broken. Gil tried to remove the jagged fragment left on the hoof, but the mare was restive, and he had to desist.

"She cannot go to Saux in that state," I said, angrily.

The men were silent for a moment, peering at the mare. Then Gil made a suggestion.

"The St. Alais forge is not three hundred yards down the lane, monsieur," he said. "And the turn is yonder. We could knock up Petit Jean, and get him to bring his pincers here. Only—"

"Only what?" I said, peevishly.

"I quarrelled with him at Cahors fair, monsieur," Gil answered, sheepishly. "And he might not come for André or me."

The two men were father and son; if he would not come for one, he would not for the other. "Very well," I said, gruffly, "I will go. And do you stay here, and keep the mare quiet."

André held the stirrup for me to mount. The smithy, the first hovel in the village, was a quarter of a mile away, and in reason I should have ridden to it. But in my irritation I was ready to do anything they did not propose, and roughly rejecting his help, I started on foot. Fifty paces brought me to the branch road, and making out the turning with a little difficulty, I plunged into it, and lost in a moment the cheerful sound of the jingling bits and murmur of the men's voices.

Poplars rising on high banks on both sides of the lane made the place as dark as a pit, and I had almost to grope my way. A stumble added to my irritation, and I cursed the St. Alais for the ruts, and the moon for its untimely setting. The ceaseless whispering of the poplar leaves went with me, and in some unaccountable way annoyed me. I stumbled again, and swore at Gil, and then stopped to listen. I was in the road, and yet I heard the jingling of bits again, as if the horses were following me.

I stopped angrily to listen, thinking that the men had disobeyed my orders. Then I found that the sound came from the front, and was heavier and harder than the ringing of bit or bridle. I groped my way forward, wondering, and a faint ruddy light, shining on the darkness and the poplars, prepared me for the truth—welcome, though it seemed of the strangest—that the forge was at work.

As I took this in, I turned a corner, and came within sight of it, and stood in astonishment. The forge was in full blast. Two hammers at least were at work; I could see them rising and falling, and hear, though they seemed to be muffled, the occasional jarring clang as they struck the metal. The ruddy glare of the fire flooded the road and burnished the opposite trees, and flung long black shadows on the sky.

"FOR A MOMENT I STOOD ROOTED TO THE SPOT."

These things filled me with the utmost astonishment—for it was nearly midnight. But something else I saw astonished me still more, and stayed my steps. Between the point where I stood, by the hedge, and the forge a number of men were moving or flitting to and fro; men with bare arms and matted heads, half-naked, and with skins burned black. It would have been hard to count them, they shifted so quickly, and I did not try. It was enough for me that one half of them carried pikes and pitchforks, and that one man seemed to be detailing them into groups, and giving them directions, and that notwithstanding the occasional jar of the hammers, an air of ferocious stealth marked all their movements.

For a moment I stood rooted to the spot. Then instinctively I stepped aside into the shadow of the hedge, and looked again. The man who acted as the leader carried an axe, the broad blade of which, as it caught the glow of the furnace, seemed to be bathed in blood. He was never still, this man. He moved from group to group, gesticulating, ordering, encouraging. Now he pulled a man out of one troop and thrust him into another; now he made a little speech, which was dumb play to me, a hundred paces away; now he went into the forge, and his huge bulk for a moment intercepted the light. It was Petit Jean, the smith.

I took advantage of the momentary darkness which he caused as he entered and stole a little nearer. I knew now what was before me. I could not doubt what it meant—blood, fire, outrage; flames writhing up to heaven, screams startling the stricken night. But I must know more. I went nearer, creeping along the hedge, until no more than twenty yards separated me from the muster. Then I stood still, just as Petit Jean came out again to distribute another bundle of cruel weapons, clutched instantly and eagerly by grimy hands. I could hear now, and I shuddered. Gargouf was in every mouth. Gargouf the steward, coupled with grisly tortures and slow deaths, with old sins and outrages and tyrannies, now for the first time voiced, now to be expiated.

At last one man cried aloud: "To the château! To the château!" and on the instant the words changed the feelings with which I had hitherto stared, into immediate horror. I started forward. My impulse, for a moment, was to step into the light and confront them—to persuade, menace, cajole, turn them anyway from their purpose. But in the same moment reflection showed me the hopelessness of the attempt. These men were no longer peasants, dull, patient clods, but maddened beasts; I read it in their gestures and the growl of their voices. To step forward would be only to sacrifice myself. With this thought I crept back, gained the deeper shadow, and turning on my heel, sped down the lane. I no longer heeded the ruts or the darkness. If I stumbled I did not notice it. If I fell it was no matter. In less than a minute I was standing breathless by the astonished servants, striving to tell them quickly what they must do.

"The village is rising," I panted. "They are going to burn the château, and mademoiselle is in it! Gil, ride, gallop, lose not a minute, to Cahors, and tell M. le Marquis. He must bring what forces he can. And do you, André, go to Saux. Tell Father Benôit. Bid him do his utmost, bring all he can."

For answer they stared, open-mouthed, through the dusk.

"And the mare, monsieur?" one asked at last, dully.

"Fool! Let her go!" I cried. "The mare? Do you understand? The château is—"

"And you, monsieur?"

"I am going to the house by the garden wing! Now go! Go, men," I continued. "A hundred livres to each of you if the house is saved."

I said the house, because I dared not speak what was really in my mind; because I dared not picture the girl, young, helpless, a woman, in the hands of these monsters. Yet it was that which goaded me; it was that which gave me such strength that before the men had ridden many yards I had forced my way through the thick fence as if it had been a mass of cobwebs. Once the other side, in the open, I hastened across one field and a second, skirting the village, and making for the gardens which abutted on the east wing of the house. I knew these well. The part farthest from the house and most easy of entrance was a wilderness in which I had often played as a child. There was no fence round this but a wooden paling, and none between it and the more orderly portion, and from the latter a side door opened into a passage leading to the great hall of the château. The house, a long regular building, reared by the marquis's father, was composed of two wings and a main block. All faced the end of the village street, at a distance of a hundred paces; a wide, dusty, ill-planted avenue leading from the iron gates, which stood always open, to the state entrance.

The rioters had only a short distance to go, therefore, and no obstacle between them and the house; none when they reached it of greater consequence than ordinary doors and shutters—should the latter be shut. I shuddered to think how defenceless all lay, and how quickly the wretches, bursting in the doors, would overrun the shining parquets and sweep up the spacious staircase.

The thought added wings to my feet. I had farther to go than they had, and over hedges, but before the first sounds of their approach reached the house I was already in the wilderness, and forcing my way through it, stumbling over stumps and bushes, falling more than once, covered with dust and sweat, but still pushing on.

At last I sprang into the open garden, with its trim walks and nymphs and fauns, and I looked towards the village. A dull red light was beginning to show among the trunks of the avenue; a murmur of voices sounded in the distance. They were coming! I wasted no more than a single glance on them; then I ran down the walk between the statues. In a moment, passing into the darker shadow under the house, I was at the door. I thrust my shoulder against it. It resisted; it resisted, and every moment was precious. The angle of the house hid the approaching lights and deadened the voices of the crowd, but I could imagine only too vividly how they were coming on; I fancied them already at the great door.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

I hammered on the panels with my fist; then I fumbled for the latch, and found it. It rose, but the door held. I shook it. I shook it again in frenzy. At last, forgetting caution, I shouted; shouted more loudly. Then, after an age, as it seemed to me, I heard halting footsteps in the passage, and saw a line of light grow and brighten under the door. A quavering voice asked, "Who is it?"

"M. de Saux," I answered, impatiently. "Let me in; let me in. Do you hear?" And I struck the panels wrathfully.

"Monsieur?" the voice answered, quavering more and more. "Is there anything the matter?"

"Matter! They are going to burn the house, fool!" I cried. "Open! Open! If you do not wish to be burned in your beds!"

For a moment I fancied that the man still hesitated. Then he unbarred. In a twinkling I was inside, in a narrow passage with dingy stained walls. An old man, lean jawed and feeble, an old valet, whom I had often seen at worsted-work in the anteroom, confronted me, holding an iron candlestick. The light shook in his hands, and his jaw fell as he looked at me. I saw that I had nothing to expect from him, and I snatched the bar from his hands and set it back in its place myself. Then I seized the light.

"Quick!" I said, passionately. "To your mistress."

"Monsieur?"

"Up stairs! Up stairs!"

He had more to say, but I did not wait to hear it. Knowing the way and having the candle, I left him, and hurried along the passage. Stumbling over three or four mattresses that lay on the floor, doubtless for the servants, I reached the great hall. Here my taper shone a mere speck in a cavern of blackness; but it gave me light enough to see that the door was barred, and I turned to the staircase. As I set my foot on the lowest step, the old valet, who was following me as fast as his trembling legs would carry him, blundered against a spinning-wheel that stood in the hall. It fell with a clatter, and in a moment a chorus of screams and cries broke out above. I sprang up the stairs, three at a stride, and in the lobby came on the screamers—a terrified group, whose alarm even the doubtful light of a tallow candle that stood beside them on the floor could not exaggerate. Nearest to me stood an old footman and a boy. Their terror-stricken eyes met mine as I mounted the last stairs. Behind them, and crouching against a tapestry-covered seat that ran along the wall, were the rest—three or four women, who shricked, and hid their faces in one another's garments. They did not look up or take any heed of me, but continued steadily to scream.

The old man, with an oath, tried to still them. "Where is Gargouf?" I asked him.

"He has gone to fasten the back doors, monsieur," he answered.

"And mademoiselle?"

"She is yonder."

He turned as he spoke, and I saw behind him a heavy curtain hiding the oriel-window of the lobby. It moved while I looked, and mademoiselle emerged from its folds, her small childish face pale but strangely composed. She wore a loose white robe hastily arranged, and had her hair hanging free at her back. In the gloom and confusion, which the feeble candles did little to disperse, she did not at first see me. "Has Gargouf come back?" she asked.

"No, mademoiselle, but—"

The man was going to point me out, but she interrupted him with a sharp cry of anger. "Stop these fools!" she said. "Oh, stop these fools! I cannot hear myself speak. Let some one call Gargouf! Is there no one to do anything?"

One of the old men pottered off to do it, leaving her standing in the middle of the terror-stricken group—a strangely pathetic little figure, keeping fear at bay with both her hands. The dark curtain behind threw her face and form into high relief; but admiration was the last thought in my mind. "Mademoiselle," I said, "you must fly by the garden door."

She started and stared at me, her eyes dilating. "Monsieur de Saux," she muttered at last. "Is it you? I do not—I do not understand. I thought—"

"The village is rising," I said. "In a moment they will be here."

"They are here already," she answered, faintly.

She meant only that she had seen their approach from the window; but a dull murmur that at the moment arose outside, and penetrating the walls, grew each instant more sinister and menacing, seemed to give another significance to her words. The women listened with white faces, then began to scream afresh. A reckless movement of one of them dashed out the nearer of the two lights. The old man who had admitted me began to whimper.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" I cried, "can no one still these cravens?" For the noise almost robbed me of the power of thought, and never had thought been more necessary. "Be still, fools!" I continued. "No one will hurt *you*. And do you, mademoiselle, please come with me. There is not a moment to be lost. The garden door by which I entered—"

But she looked at me in such a way that I stopped. "Is it necessary to—to go?" she said, doubtfully. "Is there no other way, monsieur?"

The noise outside was growing louder. "What men have you?" I said.

"Here is Gargouf," she answered, promptly. "He will tell you."

I turned to the staircase, and saw the steward's face, at all times harsh and grim, rising out of the well of the stairs. He had a candle in one hand and a pistol in the other; and his features wore an expression of dogged ferocity, the mere sight of which drew fresh cries from the women. But I rejoiced to see him; at least he betrayed no signs of flinching. I asked him what men he had.

"You see them," he answered, betraying no surprise at my presence.

"Only these?"

"There were three more," he said. "But I found the doors unbarred and the men gone. I am keeping this," he continued, with a malignant glance at his pistol, "for one of them."

"Mademoiselle must go!" I said.

He shrugged his shoulders with an indifference that maddened me. "How?" he asked.

"By the garden door."

"They are there. The house is surrounded."

"AN OLD MAN, LEAN-JAWED AND FEEBLE, CONFRONTED ME."

I cried out at that, in despair; and on the instant, as if to give point to his words, a furious blow fell on the great doors below, and awakening every echo in the house, proclaimed that the moment was come. A second shock followed; then a rain of blows. While the maids shrieked and clung to one another, I looked at mademoiselle, and she at me. "We must hide you," I muttered.

"No," she said, firmly.

"There must be some place," I said, looking round me desperately, and disregarding her answer. The noise of the blows was deafening. "In the—"

"I will not hide, monsieur," she answered. Her cheeks were white, and her eyes seemed to flicker with each blow. But the maiden who had been dumb before me a few days earlier was gone, and in her place I saw Mademoiselle de St. Alais, conscious of a hundred ancestors. "They are our people. I will meet them," she continued, bravely, her lip curling. "Then if they dare—"

"They are mad," I answered. "Yet it is a chance; and we have few! If I can get to them before they break in, I may do something. One moment, mademoiselle. Screen the light, will you?"

Some one did so, and I turned feverishly and caught hold of the curtain. But Gargouf was before me. He seized my arm, and for the moment checked me. "What is it? What are you going to do?" he cried, hoarsely.

"Speak to them from the window."

"They will not listen."

"Still, I will try. What else is there?"

"Lead and iron," he answered, in a tone that made me shiver. "Here are M. le Marquis's sporting-guns; they shoot straight. Take one, M. le Vicomte; I will take the other. There are two more, and the men can shoot. We can hold the staircase at least."

I took one of the guns, mechanically, amid a dismal uproar—wailing and the thunder of blows within; without, the savage yelling of the crowd, now growing loud and distinct. No help could come for another hour at least; and for a moment in this desperate strait my heart failed me. I wondered at the steward's courage. "You are not afraid?" I said. I knew how he had trampled on the poor wretches outside; how he had ground them down, and misused them through long years.

He cursed the dogs.

"You will stand by mademoiselle?" I said, feverishly. I think it was to hearten myself by his assurance.

He squeezed my hand in a grip of iron, and I asked no more. In a moment, however, I cried aloud. "Ah, but they will burn the house!" I said. "What is the use of holding the staircase, when they can burn us out like rats?"

"We shall die together," he answered, ferociously. And he kicked one of the weeping, crouching women. "Be still, you whelp!" he said. "Do you think that that will help you?"

But I heard the door below groan, and I sprang to the window and dragged aside the curtain, letting in a ruddy glow that dyed the ceiling the color of blood. My one fear now was that I might be too late; that the door would yield or the crowd break in at the back before I could get a hearing. Luckily the casement gave to the hand, and I thrust it open, and meeting a cold blast of air, in a twinkling was outside on the narrow ledge of the window over the great doors, looking down on such a scene as few châteaux in France had witnessed since the days of the third Henry—God be thanked!

A little to one side the great dove-cote was burning, the trail of smoke from which, blown across the avenue, hid all beyond it in a murky reek, on which the flames now and again flickered hotly. Men busy as devils, black against the light, were plying the fire with straw. Beyond the dove-cote an out-house and a stack were blazing; and nearer, before the house, a crowd of figures were hurrying to and fro, some battering the doors and windows, others bringing fuel, all moving, yelling, laughing—laughing the laughter of fiends to the music of crackling flames and shivering glass.

I saw Petit Jean in the forefront giving orders, and men round him. There were women, too, hanging on the skirts of the men; and one woman was in the midst of all, half naked, screaming curses, and brandishing her arms. It was she who added the last touch of horror to the scene; and she too who saw me first and pointed me out, with dreadful words, and cursed me and the house, and cried for our blood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAN JOSÉ.

When the Franciscan fathers made their pilgrimage northward from San Diego to San Francisco, they left behind them tangible evidence of this journey in the mission churches and pueblos which, in many cases after a lapse of more than a century, are still standing, historic relics of what must ever be considered the romantic period in California's history. Many of the now time-stained and weather-beaten monuments to indefatigable energy are to-day but ruins; but a few are as stable and perfect as during the very earliest years of their existence.

The Pueblo de San José, fifty miles south of San Francisco, and about eight miles inland from the shore of the Bay of San Francisco, has long since disappeared, but near where it once stood, surrounded by one of the loveliest valleys in California, there has sprung into existence one of the most progressive and attractive cities in the State. Retaining the name of the old Franciscan town, and inheriting all the natural beauties which impelled the padres to select the long, wide, mountain-guarded valley, the city of San José appeals at once to one's taste for whatever is attractive. Progressive as are its people, one finds evidence at every turn of a respect for whatever is artistic. The long wide streets are lined with trees, and gardens filled with many-colored flowers greet one wandering at random through the residence portion of the town. San José, indeed, is a city of trees, flowers, and sunshine, fresh and wholesome, picturesque, but not indolent-looking, growing rapidly, day by day, year by year, but never crude, never unfinished; always trim and neat. San José has wealth, a cultivated population, one of the best hotels in the State, the handsomest court-house in California, and a climate that the people tell you is the best in the world. Of course the city is the county-seat, and it may be the State capital.

That is, the San Joséans tell you this, and every once in a while you see it agitated in the newspapers; and there are very many who would gladly see Sacramento lose the honor and San José appropriate it. Sacramento is not a popular city. It never has been, and it is less so to-day, since the strikers' riots there, than ever before. It is a terribly hot place, too, while San José is cool. But it is doubtful if any change in the existing order of things is ever made, and I am inclined to believe that San José will have to be content with the honor it now has—that of being the county-seat.

And well it may be satisfied. Santa Clara County is a famously rich portion of California. On the west a range of hills protects it from the cold winds of the sea, and on the east the Coast Range keeps away the hot winds of the San Joaquin Valley. The region is wholly devoted to farming, and fruit orchards are omnipresent. Two divisions of the Southern Pacific Road connect the city with San Francisco and other parts of the State. One road, the narrow gauge, skirts the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay, starting at Oakland and passing through Haywood and Alameda; and the other, beginning at San Francisco, passes along the west shore of the bay through San Mateo, Menlo Park, and Palo Alto, all famous for palatial residences. Everywhere the country is dotted with live-oaks, and at Palo Alto a glimpse is had of Stanford University.

At San José itself the valley widens and the view of distant hills is unobstructed save by the countless orchards and market-gardens. In time the Southern Pacific Road will be extended down the coast to a connection with its line at Santa Barbara. Then San José will be on the main through road to the South and East. It is already as far south as San Luis Obispo, and less than one hundred miles from Santa Barbara; and when the gap is completed there will be afforded a chance to enjoy a trip down practically the entire length of California that will be surprisingly beautiful.

For many miles the road clings to the very ocean shore, so near that you can hear the surf and look far out upon the Pacific, and when not so near the ocean it winds through fertile valleys and mountain cañons.

San José is the largest town in the Santa Clara Valley, and is noted for its educational institutions. Besides the numerous public schools, there are the College of Notre Dame, the San José Institute, and the State Normal School.

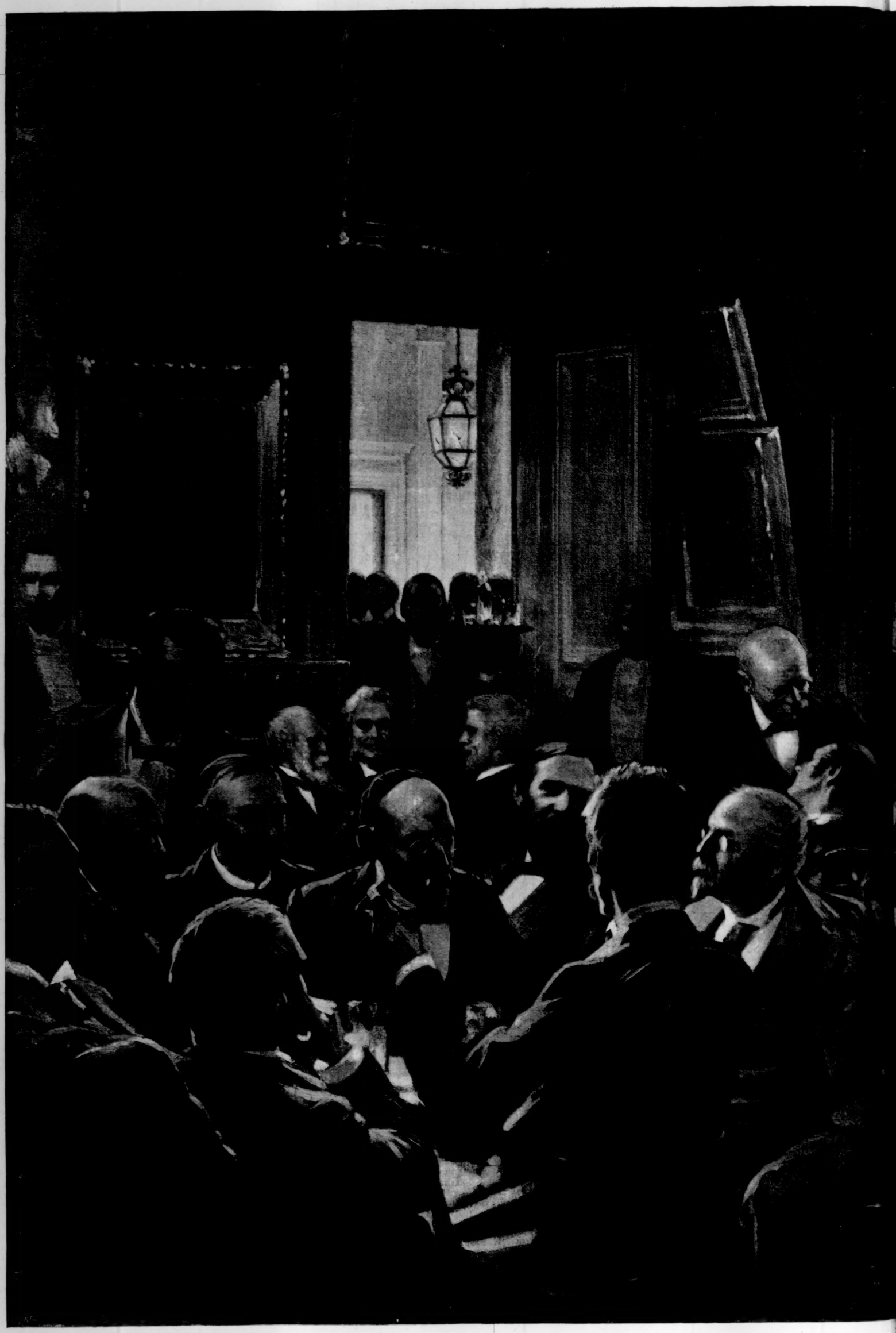
The Public Library contains over four thousand volumes.

The Church of St. Joseph, an imposing building, occupies the site of the first church built in the place about a century ago, when the now prosperous city was called the Pueblo de San José de Guadalupe.

Among other public buildings of San José may be mentioned the court-house, one of the largest and finest edifices of its kind in the State, and which cost $200,000; the opera-house; and the Ste. Claire Club house, the last-mentioned very attractive in exterior design, and with an interior particularly adapted to the needs of modern club life.

All the buildings mentioned, together with many banks and business blocks not specified, give to the city an appearance at once substantial and attractive. The broad tree-lined streets give each building its proper importance and outlook, and tend to impress a stranger favorably. From the dome of the court-house the view is particularly beautiful, embracing as it does a wide extent of surrounding valley and distant mountains. From it you look down upon the great Bay of San Francisco, and eastward to the high bare summit of Mount Hamilton, capped with its famous observatory. The valley that you see is a veritable fruit-man's paradise. Miles of orchards and vineyards make the region green, and the vast wealth of the favored garden spot of California is at once evident.

Edwards Roberts.



A SATURDAY EVENING AT "THE CENTURY," NE

NEW YORK.—From the Painting by C. Y. Turner.—[See Page 160.]

THE SEASON OF GRAND OPERA.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

A SEASON of grand opera, viewed as an enterprise, suggests only words of praise and gratitude for the courage and generosity of the managers who have offered it for public delectation. If nothing beyond entertainment were to be considered, the season which has just come to a close at the Metropolitan Opera-house might be speedily dismissed with an enumeration of the operas which have drawn large audiences and those which have not, and a brief discussion of the immediate reasons. But in the list of public amusements, as they are called, there is no one which offers scope for such high artistic achievement as opera. It is therefore natural that lovers of art should desire to perceive in the accomplishments of the season just ended elements which would both insure and justify permanence. The gap made in the social and artistic life of the metropolis by the closing of the doors of the opera-house during one season was painfully felt. It is therefore a natural as well as a general desire that the labors

IN THE GALLERY.

of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, & Grau should be rewarded by success that is not only for to-day, but for next year and many years to come. A review, then, of the past season which takes some account of the attitude of the public, of the indications which point toward the future, and of the possibility of continuing to give opera according to the same method, may contain some suggestive matter.

In their prospectus the managers asserted that the successes of the season of 1893–1894 had given them the suggestion for their policy of the season now closing. It was their intention to offer to the public the great masterpieces of the operatic list interpreted by artists of world-wide reputation. This is an announcement which differs from Wagner's music in that it is not so good as it sounds. It means two things: First, that the répertoire will be composed almost wholly of familiar works; and secondly, that the public will be expected to accept matchless singing by some half-dozen artists as an adequate presentation of opera. Up to the time of writing this article the names of the operas brought forward and the number of performances of each have been as follows: *Roméo et Juliette*, 3 times; *William Tell*, 3; *Aida*, 3; *Carmen*, 4; *Lucia*, 3; *Il Trovatore*, 3; *Faust*, 6; *Otello*, 4; *Lohengrin*, 5; *Rigoletto*, 4; *Mignon*, 1; *Elaine*, 2; *La Traviata*, 1; *Les Huguenots*, 4; *Don Giovanni*, 3; *Cavalleria Rusticana*, 3; *Pagliacci*, 2; *Manon*, 3; *Semiramide*, 1. This record includes the Saturday night performances at half price, an extra Thursday night representation of *Carmen*, and a similar offering of *Les Huguenots*. The largest audiences have been drawn by *Faust* and *Lohengrin*, the former maintaining the ascendency over the public fancy which it attained in the first season of grand opera under Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, & Grau. There is nothing at all remarkable about this continued attractiveness of *Faust*. On the contrary, it is a natural result of the system in vogue at the Metropolitan. It has less significance than the sudden ascent into popularity of *Rigoletto*, which in previous seasons has served only as an incentive to music-lovers to stay at home.

But with a great name to add its attractiveness to that of Madame Melba, *Rigoletto* has been a profitable work for the managers. M. Maurel's personality, his interesting methods, and his manifest skill as an actor, have invested the lyric version of *Le Roi s'Amuse* with new charms. And here we come upon the element which lies at the foundation of the season of grand opera. The performances at the Metropolitan are conducted upon what is known as the "star" system—or rather a simple modification of it. The old way was to engage two or three singers of great reputation and surround them with a lot of incompetents. That way wore itself out in the reign of Colonel Mapleson. The *impresarii* of to-day engage half a dozen great stars and secondary people of respectable ability. But the underlying principle is the same. It is the singer, not the opera, that is expected to draw. This system includes, as a matter of course, small consideration for those details of stage-management, scenery, costume, ballet, and other accessories which go to make up a complete and influential presentation of opera. The potent witchery of supreme vocal art is expected so to absorb the attention of the opera-goer that he will not stop to question whether the chorus is singing in Italian when every one else is using French, or whether the stage is set with an unmistakably German town while the action is supposed to be taking place in France. A few years ago, when opera in German was given at the Metropolitan, these details were carefully observed by the public; for the presentations of lyric drama were not dazzlingly brilliant in the matter of singing, but relied for their attractiveness rather on that union of poetry, scenic illustration, music, and acting which Richard Wagner held to be the true art of the opera-house. It has taken only four years to educate the public back to its old notions about opera—and already the managers are confronted by two serious difficulties: they cannot get their artists to study new operas, and they cannot induce the public to come to hear them.

Up to the time of writing this article three novelties have been brought forward at the Metropolitan, *Elaine*, *Falstaff*, and *Manon*. The last had one performance under Colonel Mapleson's direction some years ago, but that need not be taken into account. One more new work is promised, *Samson et Delila*. The production of *Elaine* was owing to the strong personal friendship of the De Reszké brothers for the composer M. Bemberg. *Manon* was given because it was the one opera in the repertory of Miss Sibyl Sanderson with which other members of the company were acquainted. *Falstaff* was put on the list to please M. Maurel, the original interpreter of the title rôle. Thus we find that three out of the four novelties owe their production to the singers. This is characteristic of the "star" system. The *impresario* sets out to secure a company of celebrated singers, and he is compelled to arrange his répertoire to suit them, for none of them take America so seriously that they are willing to "create" rôles here. In the other system a list of operas is first made, and singers are then engaged to perform them.

The "star" system is not without its merits. It has given us performances which, in so far as the singing of the principal artists is concerned, could not be excelled anywhere in the world. Perhaps nothing has ever been heard on the operatic stage in this country to equal the interpretation of the principal parts in *Faust* as given at the Metropolitan Opera-house. It is too late to say anything new about M. Jean de Reszké's performance of the title rôle. Yet it is always timely to pay the tribute of warm admiration to an artist who has revealed to this public the possession of such rare gifts. His noble stage appearance, his graceful, manly bearing, his sympathetic comprehension of every rôle, his nice adjustment of vocal and histrionic means to the end in view, his artistic sincerity, and his constant exercise of a cultivated and naturally keen discrimination, have combined to make him the greatest favorite the operatic stage in this city has ever known. The critics vie with the public in sounding his praises; the Germans approve of him as warmly as do the French and Italians; and the men echo the enthusiasm of the women. And in the midst of all the incense of adulation which rises around him he bears himself with the humility of a true artist, the modesty of a true gentleman. It is not too late to reiterate one thing: Jean de Reszké owes more to art than to nature. He has not now, he never had, a great voice, but his consummate vocal art has triumphed over obstacles that would have kept a smaller man forever in the ranks of secondary respectability. In what are classed in the drama as "romantic parts" he has no equal on the lyric stage, and his Faust, Lohengrin, Raoul, Don José, and Chevalier des Grieux will be treasured among the choicest memories of all opera-goers. It is a pity indeed that *Le Prophète* has not been given this season, for M. de Reszké's John of Leyden is a splendid and convincing tragic interpretation.

M. Edouard de Reszké is the greatest basso of the time. His stupendous voice is under the control of a most polished art, and as an actor he fully meets the requirements of all his rôles. Mephistopheles, Leporello, and Marcello are his most congenial characters, and the public has had excellent opportunities for hearing him in them in the course of the season. It is largely owing to his superb treatment of the finest part in the opera that *Faust* maintains its place at the head of the list at the Metropolitan Opera-house. For breadth of conception and style, coupled with subtlety of details, nothing on the contemporaneous stage, either operatic or dramatic, excels M. Edouard de Reszké's Mephistopheles.

Signor Tamagno, the famous tenore robusto, has not proved popular with the New York public. Yet the operatic stage has no finer impersonation than his Othello. Among the picturesque figures of the season this one will remain prominent in every memory. There is nothing gentle, nothing delicate, in Tamagno's art, but there is a great deal that is broad, powerful, irresistible. He cannot sing a tender serenade of sentiment beneath a moonlit casement, but he can voice in clarion tones the passions of despair, jealousy, and vengeance. And Maurel spoke truthfully when he said that Tamagno's was the "unique voice of the world." Indeed, there is none other like it, and though at some times it is harsh, nasal, and bleating, at others it peals with the splendor of the trumpet and the anguish of a human heart. Through a golden mist of sweeter memories of the season there will always pierce the lightning of his agonized cry: "Desdemona! Desdemona! Ah, morta, morta, morta!"

And who will forget the new and impressive creations of Maurel? If, indeed, he did carry his own treatise on the art of acting open in his hand for every audience to read, was it not a learned book? And who knew better than he how to put subtle yet puissant meaning into every passage, into every phrase, yes, into every note? Whether he posed before us as the archtormentor of the trusting Moor, the deformed jester and fond father, the elegant courtier, or the gay insouciant libertine, he was always vocally interesting in spite of his worn voice, and dramatically fascinating in spite of his exposed method. One felt that although what Maurel did at times was not to be praised, it was, at any rate, not commonplace, nor the product of the moment's careless fancy. Remembering him and all his bolder achievements, one will never forget the exquisite delicacy of the vocal art which filled with portentous meaning the narrative of Cassio's dream:

"Era la notte, Cassio dormia, gli stavo accanto."

What figure next salutes us in this procession of celebrities? The tall and graceful form of the elegant French gentleman, is it not? Who that ever saw Polyeucte Plançon, whether in the robes of the antique Jupiter, the frilled trousers and cloak of the noble St. Bris, the beard and skirts of the vengeful Ramfis, or the evening dress and untutored English of the Sunday evening concert, failed to see over his shoulder the little tables with the coffee and cognac in front of the Grand Hôtel, and across the street the gold and marble of the Grand Opéra? And he too will have a high place among the memories of the season, for his noble sonorous voice and beautiful method are not among the things that pass quickly into oblivion.

And what shall we say of the women? Is there anything new under the sun to be said of Melba, Eames, or

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

IN THE FOYER.

Nordica? They have become familiar figures in the operatic experience of this community, and each has her peculiar claim upon consideration. It has been said again and again that Madame Melba is the foremost living exponent of the art of bel canto. She is a walking epitome of the art of singing. Nature was generous, indeed, in giving her the only voice which living men declare to be the rival of Adelina Patti's. It is possible that some of the famous singers who died before men now living were born had finer voices, but it is not likely. Agujari, of whom Mozart raved, may have had a greater compass, but the testimony of their contemporaries is to the effect that all the famous prime donne of the earlier epoch had some glaring faults or inequalities of voice and some shortcomings in method which Patti had not. It is pretty safe to say that the world never heard another so pure a voice and so flawless a method as Patti's. That Madame Melba arouses such enthusiasm among the most devoted admirers of the famous Adelina that they use the Spaniard as a standard of comparison for the Australian, is sufficient evidence of the eminence of the latter. One may be pardoned, then, for saying that the lady's constant revelation of a lack of artistic sincerity has been a lasting source of regret to the judicious. Madame Melba has never evinced any serious desire to present to her audiences a symmetrical embodiment of a character, and there is grave reason to doubt whether she possesses the necessary dramatic temperament, even if she had the desire. She has at all times seemed to be fully content to be simply Madame Melba singing.

Madame Emma Eames has endeared herself to this public by excellent vocal art, grace, beauty, and modesty; and with Madame Nordica she shares a special element of public interest, aroused by the patriotic reflection that both are Americans. Madame Nordica has won public esteem by her versatility, her immense repertoire, her intelligence, her earnestness, and her faithfulness to her art. Madame Scalchi must not be omitted from this brief review of the season's favorites. It is possible that the public affection for her is the product of old acquaintance rather than of present achievement; but the popular contralto sings with an assurance and an authority which go far towards atoning for serious faults of voice and style. Madame Mantelli, a contralto, who was new to the American public this season, won her way to favor at once by the best performance of Amneris in *Aïda* that has been given here since Annie Louise Cary left the stage. As Ortrud in *Lohengrin* Madame Mantelli deepened the respect of the public, and it is altogether likely that her large rich voice and vigorous style will be among the features of next winter's season of grand opera.

The secondary singers of the company have done excellent work within their limitations, and there has been some praise for Mlle. de Lussan, for Mlle. Heller, an inexperienced singer with valuable voice and temperament, Signor Ancona, a capable and conscientious artist, Signor Russitano, a tenor with a pretty voice for lyric melodies, and Signor Campanari, a young barytone of more than ordinary promise. Mlle. Sibyl Sanderson, an American soprano, who has been a favorite in Paris since 1889, arrived so late in the season that up to the time of writing she has been heard in only one part. While she cannot yet be classed among the tried favorites of the public, it is likely that her Manon will remain among the interesting memories of the season.

In looking back, then, over the series of performances of grand opera given at the Metropolitan Opera-house in the last dozen weeks the mind fastens upon certain eminent individual excellences as the salient features of the season. One remembers a tender Romeo, a passionate Faust, a splendid Mephistopheles, a most rascally Leporello, a wild Giovanni, a statuesque Elsa, a fair Marguerite, a glittering Semiramide. It is because more of these individual excellences were combined in *Faust* than in any other opera in the Metropolitan list that Gounod's familiar work got such a hold upon the public affection. To be sure, something was due to the opera itself. The lovely story and the marvellously beautiful music of Gounod, the true inspiration of genius, can never fail to attract men and women when adequately presented. With such artists as the two De Reszkés, Ancona or Campanari, Eames or Melba, and Scalchi in the leading parts, *Faust* has proved to be the strongest attraction of the season. *Lohengrin* has ranked second for similar reasons. The opera itself is popular, and it offers opportunities for the full display of just such achievements as lie within the best powers of the principal singers of the Metropolitan company. The theory of the managers as to the nature and purpose of their season was best illustrated by the remarkable performance of *Les Huguenots*, when seven dollars was asked for the privilege of sitting in an orchestra chair and seeing the two De Reszkés, Maurel, Plançon, Nordica, Melba, and Scalchi lined up behind the foot-lights to receive the applause of an audience bewildered by so wide a display of greatness. It matters nothing that this same cast was afterward offered at the customary price of five dollars a seat. The fact remains that both managers and public have come to regard a season of opera as a display of dazzling individual accomplishments.

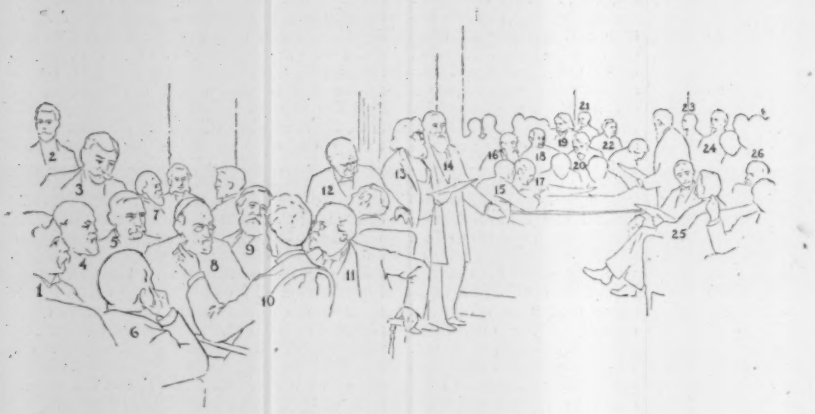
I have already briefly indicated some of the evils that arise from this system. One of our German opera seasons began with the first production here of a new work. In it appeared four singers never before heard in this country, and one of them—the tenor—sang his part for the first time in his life. Such a thing would be simply impossible in any opera-house where the star system prevails. The reader may with good reason ask, "What matters it, so long as we can hear such glorious artists as we have had at the Metropolitan?" But this question already confronts the managers of the house: How long will you continue to come and hear these same artists in the same parts? The public has already shown, as I have stated, that it is not eager to hear novelties. A new opera is not in itself an attraction. Unless it contains good parts for the two De Reszkés, Eames or Melba, and Plançon, very few persons take the trouble to go to hear it. After two or three moderate houses the managers announce *Faust*, *Lohengrin*, or *Les Huguenots*, and, presto! all the seats are sold! What will the public demand next winter? Will opera-lovers continue to go to hear *Faust* with the ideal cast? Will they again applaud *Lohengrin* with the favorites of this season? And if they do, will it not show that public taste needs reformation?

The best that can be said of the system under which our opera-house is conducted is that it has made us acquainted with some of the greatest singers the world has ever known. Operas in which the bulk of the work has been in the hands of the greatest of these artists have been presented in a manner which was admirable in respect of the performance of the principals. But even these presentations have been marred by the presence of minor singers who threw a clamorous note of discord into the general harmony, by ballet-dancing which was little short of absurd, and by choral and orchestral work utterly out of place in so pretentious an establishment as the Metropolitan Opera-house. The managers of the house are hardly to be blamed for the existence of these evils, for the public tolerates them placidly for the sake of hearing the great singers in the principal parts. Yet it would not be difficult to so improve the ballet, chorus, orchestra, and *mise en scène* that public taste would be educated to a higher standard. The next step would be the introduction of an enlightened system of stage management which would regard the opera as a lyric drama, and aim at a consistent, symmetrical treatment of the various elements which go to make up an operatic representation. After a time the public would return to its old belief that the opera is more important than the singer. When that state of taste was reached, the managers would find abundant encouragement for the production of novelties, and then would come the engagement of a company that would study new parts. There are some great artists in the present organization whose devotion to their art would keep them in the new company. They would be the nucleus around which might grow a permanent body of singers. The present company is full of brilliant lights, and the present system has given us some special occasions of high beauty; but the question will obtrude itself, How long will all this last?

STANDING-ROOM ONLY.

THE CENTURY'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE rapid multiplication and the equally rapid differentiation of clubs have constituted one of the most striking signs of the social transformation that has come over New York "since the war," and especially within the past decade. The Century, however, continues to maintain a unique position among the clubs in the mind of the community at large and in the minds of its own members. It has long ago transcended its original limit of a century of membership, the present limit being ten times that, and now very closely approached in fact. It is rapidly nearing its half-century of duration, for its semi-centennial will be celebrated on the thirteenth of January, 1897. But to those who have known it longest it still represents the spirit of its founders—of Bryant, and Verplanck, and Bellows, and Durand, and Elliott, and Henry Peters Gray, and the rest—of whom but one remains in active membership, and that is Daniel Huntington, the President of the Club for some years past, and indeed until the annual elections of last month, when he was retired at his own request, and succeeded by the promotion of the First Vice-President, Bishop Potter. Upon the newest members it at least impresses itself as different from other clubs. A tale illustrative of this difference circulates at intervals through the club-house about a Centurion who was asked about his clubs, and answered that he belonged to the Century. "But don't you also belong to the ——?" —(it would be pandering to a morbid curiosity to specify whether the blank was filled with the name of the M–n-h–tt–n or the –n–n L–g–, or neither of them. "Oh, I'm a member of it, if you mean that; but I should as soon think of 'belonging' to the Fifth Avenue Hotel."



KEY TO DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION, "A SATURDAY EVENING AT 'THE CENTURY,' NEW YORK."

1. W. R. Meade. 2. William H. Lippincott. 3. J. B. Cauldwell. 4. E. Wood Perry. 5. L. Farragut. 6. W. H. Low. 7. J. K. Ford. 8. G. W. Maynard. 9. J. C. Nicoll. 10. Walter Shirlaw. 11. Eastman Johnston. 12. Judge A. C. Howland (Secretary). 13. Parke Godwin. 14. Daniel Huntington. 15. J. Alden Weir. 16. Thomas Moran. 17. Frederick Dielman. 18. F. C. Jones. 19. W. H. Beard. 20. General George S. Green. 21. Judge Edward Patterson. 22. W. Damrosch. 23. W. R. Hutton (Architect). 24. R. M. Hunt (Architect). 25. E. H. Kendall. 26. C. Y. Turner.

According to its constitution, the Century is composed of "authors, artists, and amateurs of letters and the fine arts," and it was, in fact, developed, in 1846, out of the Sketch Club, which included writers and amateurs as well as actual sketchers. From the first the Century was to the New York of that day, as Teufelsdröckh's coffee-house to Weissnichtwo, a resort "where all the virtuosity and nearly all the intellect of the place assembled." A glance over the present club list will reveal many names that do not at once call up any association with letters and the fine arts. It was possibly with a mildly satiric intention that the Easy Chair once upon a time referred to the Century, of which George William Curtis was until his death an honored member, as "a club originally of authors and artists and men interested in literature and art," as if it had since strayed far from the purposes of its creation. There is a club in another American city, of which a member once explained the standard by saying that to become a member of it a man "must have done something." "If he is rich," added the expositor, "he must have done more; and if he is very rich, we don't let him in, no matter what he has done." The Century does not pretend any longer, if it ever did pretend, to enforce so very ideal a standard of plain living and high thinking; but then it is by no means given over, like more than one club that could be named, to high living and plain thinking. Mr. Turner has not hesitated in the illustration to indicate some of the exceptions that prove the rule, as well as to exhibit shining examples of the rule. And indeed whatsoever Centurion takes upon himself to denounce the too great laxity of the Committee on Admissions is apt to be reminded of a club story. In the unrestrained confidence of the billiard-room, an old member was deprecating a recent admission: "I should like to know how that man ever got in here?" "Well," remarked a sententious painter, "you know none of us could get in *now*." And a hush fell upon that group of smokers while one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

It must be owned that "amateur" is a word of a loose and expansible signification. The late George Inness when he was a boy used to shock his respectable and orthodox family by maintaining that the only real use in the social economy of merchants and manufacturers and business men was to support artists. That view was undertaken a few years ago to be put into practice in a delightful scheme, which got no further than a prospectus, of a new club to be composed of men of substance and of artists, the artists to be admitted at half entrance fees and half dues. It is quite natural, however, that artists should consider picture-buying the most important function of amateurism, and that the most creditable trait of the amateur, and that the pecuniary potentiality of picture-buying, in the absence of any other evidence of interest in art, should be accepted as a reason for subjecting the possessor of it to art-educating influences, in the hope that he might turn out to be an "amateur," and the potentiality converted into actuality.

However one may account for the presence on the club list of men whom neither their friends nor their enemies would think of describing as "authors, artists, or amateurs of letters and the fine arts," it is not these who give the tone to the club, or make it, what to so many of its members it is, the pleasantest place of masculine resort that is to be found in New York, or in the United States. One of the features it has preserved from its foundation is the common table, now supplemented, to be sure, with little tables such as fill the restaurants of other clubs, but remaining as the daily rendezvous of the summer widowers in their season, and of the club bachelors all the year round; a table that is a general introduction which puts the new-comer at his ease and invites him to take his share in what is often very entertaining talk; a promoter of sociability and discourager of priggishness that is of the utmost value, and that does much to retain for the Century its special charm. Another very valuable feature is the Saturday evening, when the Centurions attract themselves by a substantial supper, and especially the Saturday evening of the monthly meeting, when, in addition to supper, there is punch for the carnal man and a show of pictures for the intellectual being, and when guests are admitted after the business meeting is over. It was one of these monthly meetings that the ingenious Max O'Rell attended, and celebrated his attendance by declaring, in his book on *Jonathan and his Continent*, that nowhere else in the world are there such handsome faces to be seen. But, of course, what makes the club is, after all, the character of its membership. "The chief ornament of a house is the guests who frequent it." Although the scope of the club has been widened since its foundation, it has been widened so as to include most of what is distinguished in New York in every walk of life; and it may with reason be claimed for it that more than any other institution it embodies the culture and the civilization of the town. Nobody is likely to dispute this claim who has been privileged to be present at such an occasion as was furnished by the memorial address of Parke Godwin on George William Curtis, an occasion on which the orator, the oration, the subject, and the audience were each worthy of the others.

THE MEXICAN-GUATEMALAN QUESTION.

THE boundary question, long since settled, but now revived by the republic of Guatemala, has entered on an acute phase, and unless Guatemala recedes war seems imminent.

For a clear understanding of the question a glance backward is necessary. In 1823 the Spanish-Americans threw off the Spanish yoke, as they termed it, when what had been the viceroyalty of Guatemala became the Republic of the Centre of America. It lasted for a time, and then broke up into the five republics now constituting Central America. The viceroyalty of Guatemala extended from the southern end of Mexico to the state of Veragua, in the present republic of Colombia.

The country, previously deemed Mexican, remained so until a part of it, now the state of Chiapas, was claimed by the Guatemalans. For a time it was a live issue, but years since it was settled by a survey under a boundary commission, when Chiapas was deemed Mexican.

Within the state of Chiapas are very extensive forests of valuable timber. A large amount of capital, American and Mexican, is invested in them. Some Guatemalans also were interested. In fact, a very prominent Guatemalan official is said to be directly interested in the timber business.

Some time ago Guatemalan irregulars invaded a Mexican hamlet in Chiapas, drove its inhabitants inland, and burned their residences. The unlawful act instantly led to a careful inquiry by the government of Mexico, and it and the Mexican demand for indemnity have caused the present strain in the relations between the two republics. Later the *Guatemaltecos* invaded a second time, firing on and wounding Mexican troops, when the fire was returned.

Much diplomatic correspondence was in order. Mexico had an estimate made of the direct losses to her citizens and the Americans interested in the timber limits.

While Mexico was assessing damages a great deal of war talk developed in Guatemala City. The Guatemalans as a class are unfavorable to war, but the government of that republic forces the issue.

Some time ago Guatemala enlisted 5000 men (Indians) between Retaluheu and Quezaltenango, and placed them on the Guatemalan border near the state of Chiapas. Guatemala's attitude forced Mexico to take similar precautions. Several regiments of her troops were sent to the state of Chiapas. All of this involved great expense.

Mexico estimated her loss and that of those interested in the timber belt of Chiapas at $1,800,000, and requested Guatemala to pay that sum, and explain her wilful invasion of Mexico.

While the above was *en train*, Guatemala, it is reported, was endeavoring to enlist the support of the remaining Central American republics. The other republics, taken in geographical order from north to south, are as follows: Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica—Guatemala wanting their active co-operation in any armed difficulty with Mexico. It is believed that all save Costa Rica are disposed to aid Guatemala, and their envoys were sent to the city of Mexico.

Guatemala, by a variety of expedients, has been gaining time while making active preparations for trouble. It is well known that she has a large quantity of war material, including Krupp mountain-guns, etc., but she lacks trained men in her ranks and among her officers.

Her population is estimated at 1,800,000 to 2,000,000, the majority Indians and their descendants. Her army consists of about 5000 men; her best-drilled regiments are, or were, in her capital, Guatemala City—a highland city about eighty miles inland from the Pacific.

The republic of Guatemala faces on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. She has an Atlantic port at Livingston, near British Honduras, and three ports on the Pacific—San José de Guatemala, the port of the capital, or Guatemala City, Champerico, the port of Retaluheu and Quezaltenango, and a port at Ocos, near the Mexican border. Her railways and iron piers on the Pacific belong to Americans. She has no war-vessels; her ports on the Pacific are open.

Mexico has a population of about 10,000,000, largely Indians and their descendants, a well-drilled and thoroughly equipped army of 35,000, under able and experienced officers; she has excellent ports on both oceans, and several war-vessels.

Recently she has completed her interoceanic railway between Goatzacalcos on the Atlantic and Salina Cruz on the Pacific. It traverses the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, or the country surveyed for Eads's ship-railway. The city of Minititlan on the Goatzacalcos River is an important one. The railway also connects with important inland cities as it crosses the isthmus.

The cities of Oaxaca and Tehuantepec are not very far from the Mexican border. Already Mexico has proved the great value of her railway from a strategic point of view by sending troops and supplies to the interior. It will be equally invaluable to the republic in peace or war; for the former it will be one of the world's interoceanic routes.

The President of Mexico, General Porfirio Diaz, spent four years in or near the city of Oaxaca; he has an intimate knowledge of that part of Mexico; with the new railway and direct telegraphic communication with Mexico city every movement can be directed by him.

To-day, it is said, Mexico has 18,000 troops in or near Chiapas ready for hostilities. The people of Mexico feel aggrieved, and if war results will volunteer in thousands. Mexico can send men and supplies from Vera Cruz to Goatzacalco. On the Pacific she can ship men from her ports of Acapulco, Mazatlan, and San Blas.

While Mexico has all of the above facilities, natural and artificial, Guatemala has very few—no ships of war, no transports; a small railway from Champerico, on the Pacific, to Retaluheu. The nearest port of Guatemala to the Mexican border is that at Ocos. On the Atlantic Gautemala, practically, has no ports or any natural advantages; no railway. She must march her men through almost impenetrable forests. If she places her whole army and recruits—say 10,000 men—on the Mexican border, they will be face to face with 18,000 disciplined troops led by veterans. If necessary, Mexico can place her whole army in Oaxaca and Chiapas, and tens of thousands of volunteers.

So much by way of explanation of the facts leading up to the present phase of the question.

Those thoroughly familiar with both countries from residence and travel believe that if war results Guatemala will try and involve the rest of Central America with her. For nearly a year Guatemalan *agents provocateur* have been fomenting the quarrel.

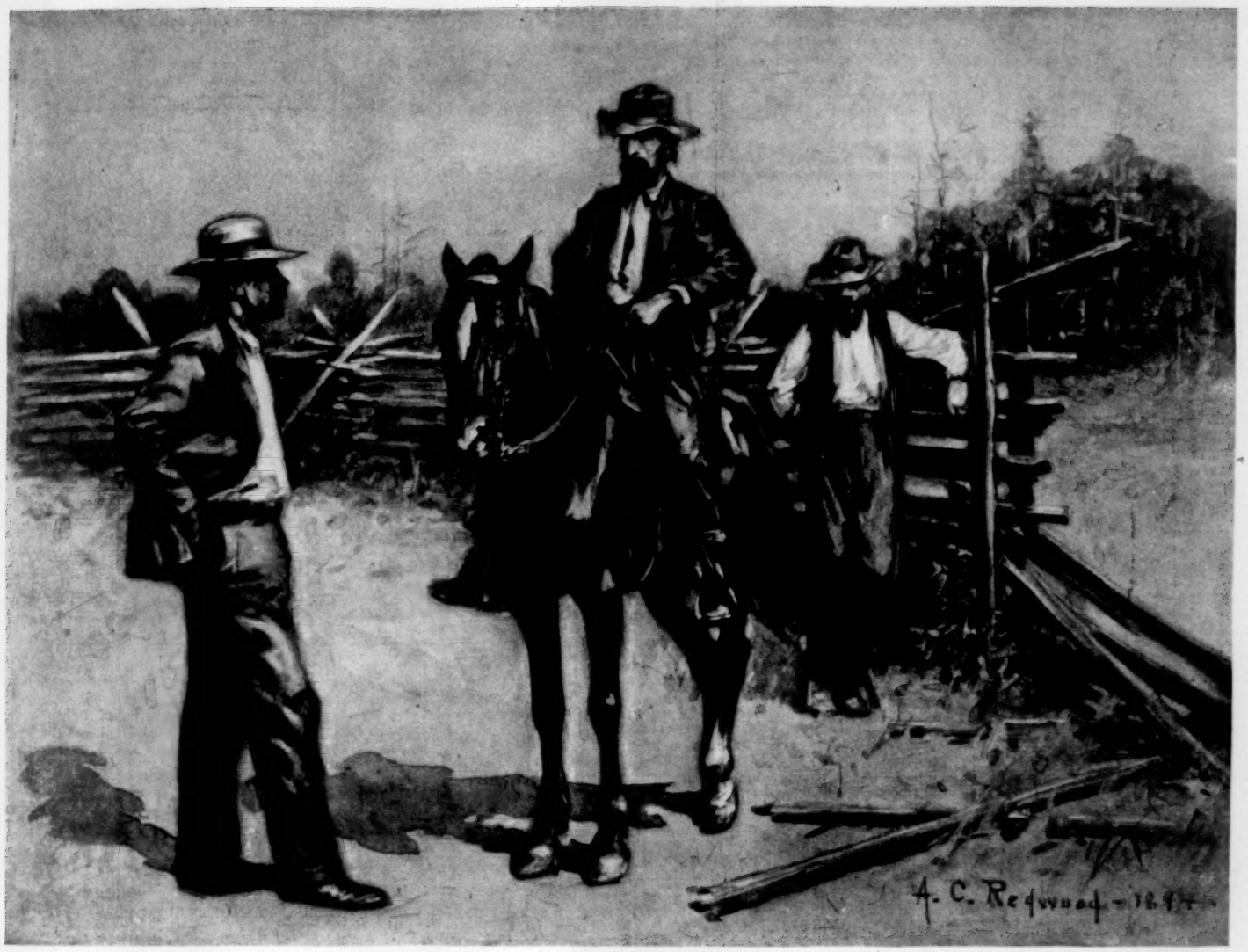
Mexico's attitude has been quiet and dignified, one becoming a powerful nation. To any old-time student of things Central American but one of two issues will be in order—for Guatemala to pay the indemnity and make a graceful apology or accept the consequences.

WOLFRED NELSON, F.R.G.S.

VALENTINUS EPISCOPUS.

VALENTIN. Episcopus
(All the chronicles read thus),
In two seventy, A.D.,
Held at Rome his genial see;
And his manners were so gracious,
Saith the chronicler veracious,
All agreed in him declaring
Patron saint for lovers pairing.
Cupid, little heathen rogue,
Though he hath with some his vogue,
Only clad in bow and quiver,
Gives propriety a shiver.
But our bishop, good and great,
Most episcopal in state,
Comes with crozier proudly borne,
Mitred head, and robes of lawn,
Doves his choral anthems singing,
Perfumed sighs in censers swinging.
Short his text, this holy brother:
"Little children, love each other!"
February's fourteenth day
As his feast is kept alway.
Come, then, all ye maidens fair,
Tapers in his honor bear;
Hasten gallants to the meeting,
Take you each his proper sweeting,
With due rite before the shrine
Choose her as your Valentine.

PHOEBE LYDE



MR. CROSS OF TENNESSEE.

BY CORYDON FORD.

IT was in the neighborhood of the Federal operations around Island No. 10. Cross said he hed stood behind that tree an' that thar an' that, pickin' bluebellies off'n ther boats. He hed the gun in the house thar. They come over smart one sun-goin' and done burned his shanty. He warn't stayin' close ter shore no more after that fer long.

I first met Cross on a June day when the steamer *Grand Tower* threw her shore-line at New Madrid. He was looking for a hand to help "make" his corn crop. I went with him for thirty dollars a month and "eating." He said he "eat" hands as good as anybody. I inclined to see the country thereabouts. The wooing air of early summer made me restless in the thought of returning to my loafing distemper. The offer was large and seduced me.

We looked about the place some. I found New Madrid a sample of the small river towns backed by farming country. The buildings, rising on posts out of the black clay, reminded one, for crudity and neglect, of the pictures of squatters' mining-camps. Lumber thrown together, mostly one story, made the houses, shops, and groggeries, of which last there were many in proportion. The irregular mail came by boat, sometimes daily, sometimes days intervened. There was the weekly paper with patent guts. A lonesome telegraph line crept away into the country up the difficult road. The hot air glimmered. Flies droned lazily and lit about pools in which swine wallowed and scavenged. Old mammy negroes came to draw at the corner pump. A barkeep volunteered that the houses were built of wood, and light, so that they could be drawn back if the river began to cut; the water was then eating the bank, he said, and the nearest stores would soon have to be "pulled." The streets were deserted as we walked. It was the middle of the day.

We went home across the river in my employer's johnboat. I was scared at the crossing. The boat, with its straight sides and square, box ends, seemed built for a coffin. The river was impatient and resented mastery at our hands with an artless thing like that: it muttered and showed its fangs. Our "john" struck the Tennessee shore a mile below the direct line of crossing—two shouts, Cross reckoned it. We swept in, an hour from starting, whirled a few minutes in the eddies, and caught a root. Ashore and making up the bank, the water mocked us.

It came to me that a moving, purposeful thing is what is "wicked." We had come athwart the monster's trail; its vision ran to the southern sea where the palmettoes are and fulfilment. I saw that rivers fight to the sea like men to the open, striking at what balks them. Then we find that it is neither man nor river; it is law.

The house, on stilts, with no attempt at filling between the logs that made its uprights and floor, rose rods back through the bush—a throw ter the shore, Cross had told me. The afternoon was far along. The "old woman" crooned, and "put something on" by orders. This was, as usual I found, corn pone, bacon, black coffee that would float an egg, molasses, sour milk, and salt. Any of these might be hot and they might be cold. We ate and without word. The sounds around us came from the mosquito in face and the grunt and rub of the hogs underneath the floor. Supper, night, and bedtime arrived together. The house hadn't any light when the sun was out. We undressed, one by one, and got to the two beds in the back corners behind their throw of netting raised above on hoops like the cover of a prairie wagon. The mosquitoes purred and charged the barricade till morning. My fight for sleep was between the chorus snore on one side and the stab of the mosquitoes that worked their way through the netting on the other.

Before Cross went off, he said I was to wake him by sunup and build a fire for the Gal, the sixteen-year stepdaughter, Laura. And if I heard three whistles and repeated, it was a boat wantin' wood I was to go down to the yard and let her load. This was a good ways ahead for me.

The ten-year son, Stonewall Jackson Cross, lank and white, was my near bedfellow. His ailment was ague, and abed he groaned and clawed when not making up his part in the chorus. Quinine, ten pounds of wheat flour—a dainty—and some packages of tobacco had been the items of purchase at New Madrid that day. Part was bought with the sick boy in mind; Cross was going to cure him, he said. Stonewall's shaking, clammy chill was on that night, and for the nights to come in which I knew him.

Cross was a renter. The semi-clearing of a few square rods, called the patch, and the spot covered by the house among the gum-trees, were his by courtesy and occupation. The first corn crop, of some acres, which we were to make was three miles away up a path through the woods. Cross's sister owned it. She was the widow of a Confederate private who had died at Chickamauga. After this crop we were to begin another for a landlord owning stretch of farms along the river.

By eight o'clock we were in the path, riding double on General Forest. Cross said his horse was named after the fighter who buried 'em alive at Pillow. Nine found me in the field behind the sister's mule and plough, the sun hot to blister. Cross, when not resting, followed me with Forest. He was a silent man by custom, as were the people I met about. All had the quiet and watchfulness of the cat, uttering little even when spoken to. Sometimes when looking my way on that and other days Cross's face would wear a cloud. He would note the little done, and observe that we must come earlier to field. This we never did. Either the Gal was lazy, or Forest had not been fed and cleaned, or the call had not been made at sun. Later than our arrival of any day came the Woman, the Gal, and the Boy, to "drop." They followed us along the furrow with corn in apron, and we ploughed back, turning six inches of "ground" on the hills they made; this was "starting" the crop. Forest was often stood in the shade as precaution against sweat. There his proprietor rubbed him with grass and gave him nibbles. The while I "jerked" and cried the mule up the rows. Sometimes Stonewall from his outlook in the shade helped "Paw" learn that the mule and I went too slow. With Stonewall, opinion went for fact.

That night Laura saved "get" in a glass for me. Milk had one classification with the Crosses—"get." The "get" went into one receptacle night and morning, day and day. Any other was not "cured," and in so far was short of milk. This receptacle stood in a corner, the hogs recovering the "spill" from the post and ground below. It was a jar of churn size and shape. From this, milk and butter were taken as it afforded; for the latter, the milk was agitated with a stick on occasion.

Sunday morning came, and I had been a week a crop-hand. I was all over stiff and had lacerated hands. Laura made some "white biscuits" with milk and salaratus that Sunday morning, serving them after, like cake. The bake was, from need, out-of-doors in a skillet with iron cover, over which I piled coals. The cover was lifted in fifteen minutes on as brown and pretty sodas as I ever saw my mother take from her oven in Michigan. I stirred the jar, and we laid some butter for treat. While we ate, the "razor-backs" fought and rooted around the corner post. Laura said they mought'n be in the brush eatin' roots; they hadn't gone done it ter-day.

I had agreed to eat buffalo at "sunhigh" with Dan Abbott. He had a boat-shanty, though he lived on shore. He told me that fathers, and their sons after them, live in boats making down the river. They would be years "floaters" to the Gulf. They'd tie in for seasons, winter and summer, sell fish and work for "croppers" along the banks. Sometimes they "cropped" of themselves. Part of the time, like him, they might live ashore if the house was handy, and to be got for the taking. He was "putting in" for Cross on the river crop. Abbott said he liked me. I might watch Cross; he never paid. He wasn't looking to Cross for his. The man who owned the land went good for what he worked, and he'd take it back on the crop. Nobody anywhere about there would work for Cross any other how. The owner wanted the crop a-getting in. Cross paid big, but nobody ever got anything, as he knowed. He 'lowed thirty dollars and grub was regular good, too good; Cross could give sixty and presents and have just as much left. He said I wasn't to 'low anything to Cross in the way of his telling. He stopped short and spoke in monosyllables, as was more his way. We had got to the shanty.

The wife was short and seamed of face like him. She watched at the corners of her eyes and spoke little, as I have remarked was the custom about there. The buffalo, broad and thick forward like that scarcer beast, was yellow-baked and flaky on the slab table. I had first seen this fish, habitat of these muddy rivers, on the Cincinnati markets. My eyes used to stick at the way of skinning them there. The artist was that deft and quick that he seemed all the time to be dropping one and reaching for the next.

In years recent, Abbott had been much up and down the rivers, tent-setter for Dan Rice's circus, which kept the river towns, transporting by boat. Abbott showed me how to tie the hangman's noose; he had done that once for business on a day in Texas, 'way up the Red. The ragged scar in his scalp was got one afternoon from a tent-stick in a river town, on the Arkansas, I think he said. The fighting cry, "Hi Rube," of the circus men against all comers was on.

Bullets were buried in the door, window-posts, and logs of the shanty, and in the rail fence. Abbott explained that when he was a comer there, some months by, he was

too free saying. A squad came over to gun 'im. He lay close behind the logs and let back through chinks. "She" loaded in turn the two carbines and his pistol, while he laid for it. His callers straggled off in some hours the way they came. He'd got on pretty quiet since, saying nothing and hearing as little. He had travelled alone for twenty years and minded what was his; if anybody done him in front, he wanted to be invited to the funeral. By his advice a man in that jungle would carry his Derringer in an easy pocket. He was going to let somebody else talk mostly now, but his address wasn't changed.

That afternoon Laura sat in the door at Cross's—short, light of skin, and dumpy. She was spelling at rhymes in a past-date almanac, fingered and much worn. Among some things which had chanced upon its leaves was, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." I took the book from her hand as she put her thumb on that, meaning me to read. Her voice had a tremor in it, and her color went and came. There was soiled pink ribbon at her throat, and she had combed her blond hair, wetting it into submission and tying back its stubby rebellion with a cotton string. I could never get it straight that Sunday alone was back of all this adornment. She inclined to talk to me. She said that she hadn't ever seen her own "Paw," and wondered if she ever mought. She thought that mought be a smart time. Whar war the North, and warn't it a smart jump? They done right smart thar. Did they ride that fast by the steam that it mixed yer head? Did they send letters by 'graph on the streak in a minute? How did they git them over the sticks? She had been to Tiptonville onct, most, with corn ter mill. She hadn't done gone farther than that; that war right smart ter go. It tuk likely mule ter git back by sun. Thar warn't any school 'round by that war right smart short ter git ter. One done been short right smart time gone. She done went smart some. Nobody done paid, and the teacher 'lowed he couldn't keep. And thar war them as done tuk agin him. He done 'lowed sayin' too much 'bout takin' ter be like the North.

The play of interest came to me in a new light.

Late nights, when coming from my rest by the smoke-fire, safeguard against mosquitoes, I would find Laura dreaming on the slab door-step. Once, sitting so, she asked me if I mought reckon thar be any way fer her ter come ter them big sights. I had told her of the moving life in town. You ain't like we-uns, she'd say; you won't stay fer long. And wouldn't she learn a heap no more when I done gone thar fer all? War thar any rivers 'long o' thar a-comin'? Could them be gone by fer sich as foot? Along o' whar war Michigan, war it in Tennessee? War it done harder nor Tiptonville ter find in?

The river lot lay front to shore. We had been drawing to the "heaps" with the mule such fallen limbs and other portions of dead trees as blocked the way to planting. This was the annual circumstance to "cropping" on lands that had not seen decades of cultivation. The ground seemed never to have been cleared. Originally the underbrush had been beaten down or cut at burning, and the trees girdled. Then the plough was struck in and the crop worked as might be. The annual picking up would go on in course until the trees had all succumbed to time and weather. On the river lot few were standing, and the clearing was short.

By noon of the first day the light one-mule plough was turning the red-yellow loam, working around the heaps when met. A crop of "sweets" was the first to be in. These went as potatoes, any others going as "Irishes" or "garden mess." These were planted much the same as corn, the plough going deeper if it would. "Maw" and he Gal dropped from apron. Stonewall did picket or what else his mind came to. The sun beat wicked before the shadows grew. General Forest was "like to sweat" often that afternoon. The mule and I toiled for the most part in the furrows alone. Abbott was fixing the fences, dragging off the remaining part of limbs, and soldiering. If I stopped long from the unbearable heat, Cross would reckon that we warn't mindin' ter git 'long with the crop. Then he'd settle back on the fence or log, as the case might be, though sometimes taking a bout with the horse.

"I'd let you drive Forest, most like, only he ain't easy on drivers," he'd say.

When Abbott stopped, and it was often, Cross didn't seem to know it. But I took my rest. Abbott smirked and nodded approval. One such time we all chanced at the fence where it bowed over the bank and down till lapped by the water. The vaulting current seemed to fan us. Abbott leading, we helped the conversation into forgetfulness of the crop. Below, hardly discernible beyond the bayou, was the line of second-growths marking Pope's cut-off. Cross said that was where the bluebellies dug up mud fever. Above, a good rifle-shot, was Island No. 10, wasting in the hungry water, scarce half an acre left. Abbott drew his face down solemn and tipped my eye at the side, remarking to Cross that he'd been North and guessed they knowed when breakfast was ready to come to; leastwise, he wouldn't mind a-fetchin' to live there for anything he knowed. Cross thought he knowed better nor that thar. He 'lowed the North hadn't no sense; leastwise, it didn't git out ter any good. They worked fer traders.

"Traders hain't no good," he continued. "Leastwise, they take all they kin git, an' it ain't no good workin' fer 'em. Now, how much do they pay fer harnis, like whot yer hook ter plough with? An' wagin, an' carriage whot yer ride in when it ain't no good o' ridin'? Horses is fer ridin'. An' they make roads fer them wagins as ain't no good ter need ter hev. Paths is good. 'Bout how much money, now? 'Pears like hundreds of dollars is good in you-uns pockets. We-uns hain't workin' all the year fer no traders. Three months makes crop, and then it takes ter rest some. That plough thar an' collar an' that rope hook-up an' that jerk-line done cost no mor'n ten dollars, at big. That was too much ter give ter traders. Don't give 'em no mor'n you have ter."

I screwed my face hard to reply. I'd been thinking that too, though I'd never got it worked out so clear. I'd given good money away to traders in my time. Abbott said he'd been tryin' to figger that out, but he wasn't deep. He saw it sharp now. He knowed tradesmen as paid fifteen hundred dollars fer coaches, an' had drivers an' bought silks an' all. He knowed farmers up North as lived in likely houses they'd paid traders big fer—five thousand dollars as like. One house o' that kind 'ud buy all o' us and all that corn lot, and there'd be more left to have. He'd seen common trash up there in smart places all marble and stone. They had houses stories high, with books and "loafs" and music and, like as not, lots to eat. They gin away for this. They oughtn't a-done gin that money to traders.

Cross offered that there mought be laws as 'ud fix it fer 'em as didn't know to keep thar own.

It occurred to me that Cross's Political Economy reflected his surroundings.

Through the woods home on an evening the dark had fallen. The fire-flies were out. The flash, seen through the undergrowth, was as thick as wire in a sieve. Up behind Cross, I watched the fireworks. He reckoned I mought not know what that be, comin' from the North. I needn't be scart o' them; they was "flash-bugs." No folks comin' with lanterns ner nothin' like it.

I expressed my relief. Cross returned that leastwise he'd stay by, an' I mought depend ter it. Had I counted him as paternal as this toward my pocket I'd have slept better that night. I had a two-dollar bill sewed in the watch-fob of my trousers left hanging in the house. By agreement at the boat, I was wearing an old pair of Cross's overalls, short by inches, blue, and worn white at the knees. Getting home, and wanting something or other, I found the pockets turned and everything gone except my pistol, a double bull-dog of thumb calibre.

Next morning, early at the field, I talked it over with Abbott. The upshot was an agreement to ask Cross then and there for money enough to buy a pair of working-shoes, the excuse being good: the light ones I wore were fast going. This would test him.

"Where is Cross?" asked Abbott, looking up the path into the woods.

"He ought to be here by this time," I said, growing nervous and following Abbott's eyes.

Cross was coming on Forest.

"Got your pistol?" said Abbott. "Bring it out."

I brought it from the hip—my only pocket.

"Here, swop," he said. "Mine always goes, and it 'll trim a hair on the polestar. No, hold on. He's a coward and 's like to get it in on you mud. I'll stand by the fence and wing him if he goes to play smart with a young 'un." He put up his gun, a big one, made for business, as he had said.

My hand trembled on my pistol. I suppose I looked scared.

"Keep yourself together," Abbott said. "Maybe he won't sneak; maybe he'll give you the dollars up square."

Abbott motioned me to a stump and put my back to it.

"He'll ride up here," he said. "Pull the hammer and keep your hand on it behind you. That's right. Jerk quick on him if he wants fight."

Abbott was moving off toward the fence.

Cross rode up, and I preferred, as gentlemanly as I knew, my request for three dollars to get the shoes. He went white and turned upon me, swearing that fast and wicked that my hair started. He made like to get his pistol. He wasn't quick, and didn't get farther than looking into the eyes of the bull-dog.

He got down off the horse on orders, and there he stood. The law of the lion had come in. Action on, I found my nerve.

"Hands up," I gave him, and he obeyed.

Abbott came up, reached for Cross's pistol, and said to him, "You're eatin' roots and bark to-day."

When he got the pistol, we tied Cross and took him to a deserted shanty by the water. Abbott and I held council what to do. Cross was owing me 'most two weeks.

"Anyway it's fifteen dollars," Abbott said, "and ten more for trouble. Cross hain't anything but that horse and saddle, and a pair of rubber boots, and his wood-yard lantern, and that john-boat; that's all he's got that's movable. I'll go in and scare him stiff. I can make him that fear'd he'll sweat blood. You lively back from the house with your things, and we'll look what's to do."

Abbott was in the hut swearing straight on as I dove into the woods.

Before I was half-way some steamer, miles down around the bend, was bellowing for wood. It must be the *Mary Houston;* we weren't looking for any other boat. Laura and the old woman watched me through the door. They hadn't gone to the field that day, and Stonewall had his shake on. I met Laura as I was hurrying out.

"This be a hard world, bein't it?" she said.

I pushed past, and her eyes fastened to me; I touched my hat with good-by. Turning far down the path, her head was on the rail at the fence.

Abbott met me and said that the *Mary* was inshore and had run her plank. Cross was terrorized. Abbott had threatened him everything; would shoot him to see him squirm. The fallen cropper signed an order to pay bearer for wood. When we reached the boat the roustabouts were running up the plank with the last sticks of fifteen cords. The captain was swearing at our "gait" and sure delay. Abbott slipped me all the money, thirty dollars, saying it was for Northern traders. I followed the clerk aboard, throwing my hands back. Before we touched deck the plank was swinging above shore and the water was boiling under the wheels.

Sitting on a cotton bale, the shore walking past, the mate told me that it was something of a tough section. In handy distance to four States, it was infested with refugees from justice who jumped the borders. And he thought the people there didn't do much better, though they did about the best they knew. They all mostly watched each other and the officers, he guessed. They generally tried their own cases, and it didn't take long to convene court. As far as he'd seen in this world, if there wasn't one law there was always another.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

IN DAYS GONE BY.

"Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine."

—*Hamlet*, Act IV., Scene V.

EXACTLY why St. Valentine should have been elected the patron saint of lovers the world over has never been fully determined. The Feast of Valentine occurs at the beginning of a season of the year in which a young man's fancy is supposed to turn to thoughts of love, however, and it has been conjectured, on that account, that the Saint has been chosen as one to whom lovers would naturally turn for help, protection, and consolation.

Concerning St. Valentine himself very little is known. He was a priest at Rome, who is supposed to have been martyred under Claudius II. on the 14th February in the year of our Lord 270; but there is no record of his having been connected in any way with the observances still recognized in some parts of the world as belonging peculiarly to him. The fate of St. Valentine was neither sentimental nor comic. He was first beaten to death with clubs, and then his head was cut off. All that was left of him was subsequently buried in the Church of St. Praxedes in Rome; and the well-known Roman gate which is now called the Porta del Popolo was once named Porta Valentini in memory of him.

It is said that in ancient times a peculiar festival, called the Merd-giran, was celebrated in February in Persia in honor of an angel who was considered the guardian of the fair sex. The fair sex on this occasion enjoyed the very singular privilege—for Persia—of absolute power. The husbands obeyed all the commands of their wives; and the maidens, without offence to delicacy, were permitted to pay their attentions to whom they pleased. The result was the announcement of many engagements and the solemnization of not a few marriages, the Guardian Angel being supposed to shower unusual favors upon all nuptial contracts made and ratified at that particular time. The Persians had no St. Valentine of their own, but this was leap-year simplified, and perhaps intensified. Maidens having but one day out of the three hundred and sixty-five in which to operate, went, no doubt, more systematically to work than if they had had a whole twelvemonth at their command.

One ingenious writer endeavors to connect valentines with Biblical history and Biblical times, and quotes Esther, ix. 19, as his authority. "Therefore the Jews of the villages, that dwelt in the unwalled towns, made the fourteenth day of the month Adar a day of gladness and feasting, and a good day, and of sending portions one to another." He contends that Adar corresponds to our February. Other authorities, however, prove that Adar is *sometimes* February, but that the feast of Purim referred to in Esther is a movable feast, and that it falls as often in March or April as in the second month of the year.

In Bailey's *Dictionary*, first published in 1721, we find the following: "VALENTINES (in England). About this Time of the year [middle of February] the Birds choose their Mates, and probably thence came the Custom of the Young Men and Maidens chusing *Valentines*, or special loving Friends on that Day." And again: "VALENTINES (in the Church of Rome). Saints chosen on St. Valentine's Day as Patrons for the Year ensuing."

Francis Douce, a celebrated antiquary of the end of the last century and the beginning of this, gives, in his *Illustrations of Shakspere*, first published in 1807, a very lucid account of the origin of valentines. "It was the practice of ancient Rome," he says, "during the greater part of the month of February to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februata, Februalis, and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian Church, who by every possible means endeavored to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, substituted in the present instance the names of particular saints instead of those of the women; and as the festival of Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast. . . . And this," he adds, "is in part the opinion of a learned and rational compiler of 'The Lives of the Saints,' the Rev. Alban Butler." It seems that the labels containing the names drawn out of the box were worn conspicuously on the lapels of the dress-togas of the winners in ancient Rome, and that these labels, by a course of obvious selection, became the written and printed valentines of later days.

St. Valentine's day is mentioned in the works of Chaucer, Lydgate, Shakespeare, Drayton, and Donne, and it is said that the earliest existing examples of poetical valentines were written in the Tower of London by Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at Agincourt in 1415. These are preserved among the treasured MSS. of the British Museum.

One valentine, signed by John Birchall, and dated 1684, is worth repeating here, as showing what a serious, sanguinary matter this John Birchall considered the valentine to be:

"These loving lines which I to you have sent,
In secrecy in my heart's blood are pent.
Ye pen I slipt, as I ye pen did make,
And freely bleeds, and will do for your sake."

John's case was evidently a bad one. In the days of the Merry Monarch the choice of a Valentine appears to have been attended with serious and expensive observances, as it is set down by the inevitable and exceedingly valuable Mr. Pepys, who makes many allusions to St. Valentine's day and its customs. In 1667 he wrote: "I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had *not* been Valentines." Two days later, in his ingenuous way, he exhibits his habits of thrift: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me, which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here do I first observe the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names." From mottoes came naturally the bits of verse which enabled some of us, two centuries or so after Pepys's day, to put upon record the familiar and touching sentiment that, as the rose is red and the violet is blue, so some little girl of our acquaintance is as sweet as sugar.

Valentines in Norwich, England, until a few years ago, at least, were something more than valentines as we understand them here; and, as in Pepys's time, they were something far more serious—to the sender. A writer in *Notes and Queries*, March 9, 1850, tells us that "while in that town, forty-five years since, billets were sent by means of the post, yet at the same time the custom consisted not in the transmission of a missive overflowing with hearts and darts or poetical posies, but in something far more substantial, elegant, and costly—to wit, a goodly present of value, unrestricted in use or expense. Though this custom," he adds, "is openly adopted among relatives and others whose friendship is reciprocated, yet the secret mode of placing a friend in possession of an offering is followed largely—and this, it is curious to remark, not on the day of the Saint, when it might be supposed that the

appropriateness of the gift could be duly ratified, the virtue of the season being in full vigor, but on the *eve* of St. Valentine, when it is fair to presume his charms are not properly matured. The mode adopted among all classes is that of placing the presents on the door-sill of the house of the favored person, and intimating what is done by a run-away knock or ring, as the giver pleases. So universal is this custom in this ancient city that it may be stated with truth some thousands of pounds are annually expended in the purchase of valentine presents."

Another correspondent writing from Norwich a few years later goes into fuller details. "Inside the house," he says, "all is on the *qui vive*, and the moment the bell is heard, all the little folk (and the old ones too, sometimes) rush to the door, and seize the parcel, and scrutinize the direction most anxiously, to see whether it is for papa, or mamma, or for one of the youngsters. The parcels contain presents of all descriptions, from the most magnificent books or desks to little unhappy squeaking dolls; indeed, I have known a great library easy-chair come in this way. . . . As I have stated, they are all sent anonymously, or at most with some attempts at poetry with them, but all have the universal 'G. M. V.' or 'Good Morrow Valentine' upon them. I have only to add that this year [1854] the festival has been kept more religiously than ever."

This adds a new horror to the Greeks and to those bearing gifts. Christmas was once described by the present writer as that particular season of the year in which we spend the money we cannot afford for the purchase of things our friends do not want; and if we are asked to distribute serious and solid valentine offerings to those who are near and are dear to us, where will the matter end?

There is, or was, a valentine superstition among the peasants of Devonshire to the effect that if one go to the porch of a church, wait there until half past twelve o'clock on the eve of St. Valentine's day with some hemp seed in one's hand, and then proceed homeward, scattering the seed on each side, and repeating the following lines,

> "Hemp seed I sow, hemp seed I mow,
> He [or she] that will my true-love be,
> Come rake this hemp seed after me,"

she or he, M or N, will be seen performing the raking operation in a winding-sheet. What is to be gained by this cheerful procedure, or why one should care to see one's true-love in a winding-sheet on Valentine's eve, or any other eve, is not explained.

Another ancient valentine custom is shown in a letter from a "Country Girl" printed by Mr. Town, in the *Connoisseur* for February 17, 1775. She says, "Last Friday, Mr. Town, was Valentine's day, and I'll tell you what I did the night before. I got five bay leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty [her maid] said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt, and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man, and I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world!"

In this degenerate age of impaired digestions it is safe to say that the young woman who would voluntarily retire on a supper of egg-shells and salt, would hardly care to marry the individual likely to come wooing to her in her subsequent dreams.

A certain advertisement contained in the Wooster (Ohio) *Democrat* of February 3, 1853, is here quoted in part, as a curiosity of the literature of valentines: "The great increase in marriages throughout Wayne County during the past year is said to be occasioned by the superior excellence of the valentines sold by George Howard. Indeed, so complete was his success in this line that Cupid has again commissioned him as the Great High Priest of Love, Courtship, and Marriage, and has supplied George with the most complete and perfect assortment of Love's Armor ever before offered to the citizens of Wayne County. During the past year the Blind God has centered his thoughts on producing something in this line far surpassing anything he has heretofore issued. And it is with feelinks [sic] of the greatest joy that he is able to announce that he has succeeded. . . . The children on the house-top [a very dangerous place for the children to be] will call to the passer-by, shouting, 'Howard's valentines!' while the cry is echoed from the ground, and swelling over hill and vale, it reverberates the country through."

In another column of the same journal is an editorial note to this effect: "Behold, St. Valentine's day is coming, and all are seeking for messages to be despatched, under cover of this Saint, to friend or foe. They are provided of all kinds, styles, and varieties ready for use—the turtle-dove kind, with its coo! coo! the sensibly sentimental, the cutting and severe, and, in short, everything that can be required. Just call on George Howard, and you can be suited to a T."

The comic valentine is of comparatively recent date. It seems to have sprung from the ashes of the sentimental valentine, and to have been regarded as a justifiable method of anonymous letter-writing, in which the sender was permitted to poke fun with impunity at his neighbor's clothes, or habits of life, or personal appearance, particularly the last. One red-headed little boy, with a long nose and what are called spindle-shanks, with whom the present writer was once upon intimate terms, can remember to this day his annual annoyance at being told by means of highly colored, exaggerated, penny lithographs, every 14th of February, how thin were his legs, how carroty were his locks, and how conspicuous and prominent was his organ of the sense of smell. He generally knew, or conjectured, who was the author of the tender missive of the turtle-dove kind, and he always despatched a tender missive of the coo! coo! sort to her; but he rarely discovered the senders of the comic valentines. And in his inmost heart he never felt that comic valentines were so very comic, after all.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE DRUMMER takes, when "nerve" is weak, To stimulate exhausted cheek, BROMO-SELTZER.—[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, indorsed by physicians and chemists for purity.—[*Adv.*]

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—:o:—

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Eleven through trains each day. Practically a train every hour, via

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."

—:o:—

PURSUANT to an Order of the Supreme Court of Queensland, made in an Action McArdle and others *vs.* the Curator of Intestate Estates (1890 No. 1129), the persons claiming to be the next of kin and heir-at-law of **Rose McArdle**, formerly of Tullinavall, in the Parish of Lower Creggan, in the County of Armagh, sometime of Sydney and Bourke, in the Colony of New South Wales, and of Brisbane, in the Colony of Queensland, Spinster deceased, living at the time of the said Rose McArdle's death, on the 7th day of August, 1870, or to be the legal personal representatives of such of the next of kin as are now dead. AND the persons claiming to be the next of kin or heir-at-law of **Michael McArdle**, formerly of Tullinavall aforesaid, and who married one Mary Quinn, in or about the year 1835, and emigrated to America, or to be the legal personal representatives of such of the said next of kin as are now dead. AND the persons claiming to be the next of kin or heir-at-law of **Felix McArdle**, of Tullinavall aforesaid, then of Bathurst and Sydney, in the Colony of New South Wales, and who went to Stoney Castle Gold Fields and it is believed subsequently joined his father, the said Michael McArdle, in America, or to be the legal personal representatives of such of the said next of kin as are now dead, are by their Solicitors on or before the 22d day of October, 1895, to come in and prove their claims at the Chambers of His Honor the Chief Justice of Queensland, Supreme Court House, George Street, Brisbane, Queensland, or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said Order.

TUESDAY, the 22d day of October, 1895, at ten of the clock in the forenoon at the said Chambers is appointed for hearing and adjudicating upon the claims.

DATED this 24th day of October, 1894.

(L. S.) WILL^m BELL, REGISTRAR, *Supreme Court of Queensland.*

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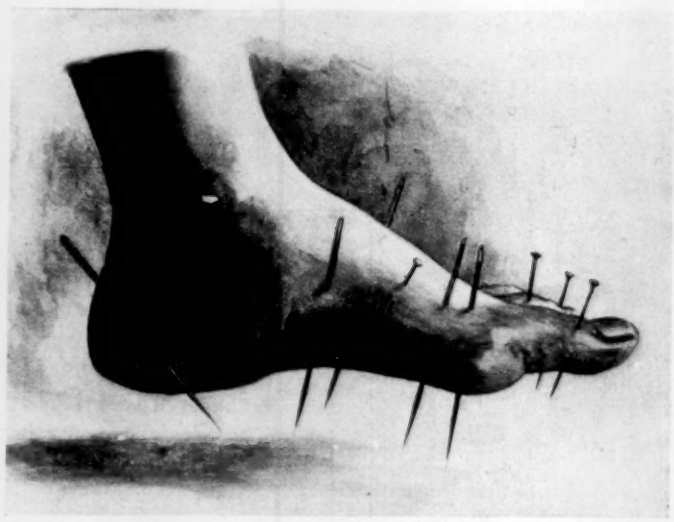

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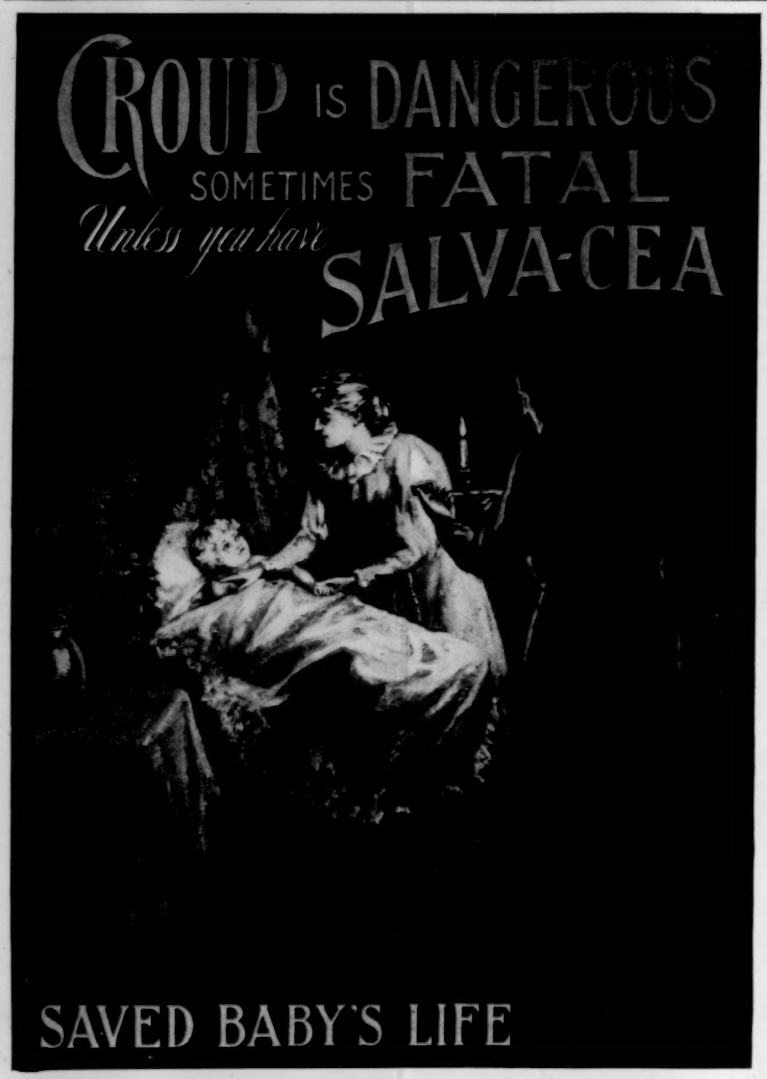

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Henry VIII., Act II., s. 2.

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Cymbeline, Act III., s. 5.

"Made me happy, or else I often had been miserable."—
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV., s. 1.

"It smells most sweetly in my senses, a delicate odour as ever hit my nostrils."—
Pericles, Act III., s. 2.

"Charm for the toothache."—
Much Ado, Act III., s. 2.

"It's good to soothe him."—
Comedy of Errors, Act IV., s. 1.

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A CROSS AT POLO.—Drawn by John Charlton from a Sketch by Major H. W. Helyar.—[See Page 166.]

AMATEVR · SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is at present on an extended trip covering a distance of two thousand miles through the Barren Ground of North British America. It is Mr. Whitney's intention to gather material for a series of articles on "Snow-shoes, Dog-sledges, and Big Game" in this almost unknown country, and to study the habitat of the Musk-Ox, the Wood-Bison, and the other game animals of the region. Mr. Whitney will penetrate, by means of dog-sledges and snow-shoes, far north into the interior just east of the Rocky Mountains. He was accompanied on a large portion of this trip by Mr. A. H. H. Heming, the artist. During Mr. Whitney's absence this department will be filled with contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

THE EDUCATIONAL AND HEALTH-GIVING VALUE OF ATHLETICS.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.

There exists to-day in this country an interest in physical development and the sports that foster such development the like of which was never dreamed of in any previous generation. Every school teaches calisthenics, every young men's club and every college has its gymnasium, every university has its ball nine and football eleven. Inter-collegiate sports have assumed not merely national, but even international importance. Ball matches, football games, tennis tournaments, bicycle races, regattas, have become a part of our national life, and are watched with eagerness and discussed with enthusiasm and understanding by all manner of people, from the day-laborer to the millionaire. Daily papers, those most sensitive indicators of popular interest, now give pages to sporting topics where a few decades since they thought it immoral to report a horse-race. Moreover, this widespread interest in athletic sports has passed beyond the bounds of a mere "fad," and has grown into a settled fashion, the permanency of which can no longer be doubted.

To any one who considers the customs of masses of humanity in their larger relations, it goes without saying that so widespread an impulse as this has a basis in something more than mere caprice. Back of it must lie a racial need, however vaguely understood or realized by those who give it expression.

The basis of this need is not far to seek. It rests primarily on the simplest of physiological facts—the fact that the muscular system of man, like that of every other animal, is so constituted that it develops if used and degenerates if not used. A muscle that lies quiescent becomes flabby and ill nourished; ultimately it degenerates and shrinks in size. But let the muscle contract from time to time—which is the only thing that any muscle can do directly—and it grows, thrives, and becomes strong and

healthy. But these simple physiological facts would be of no great significance in the present connection were it not for the further fact that all the various organs of the human body are linked together and in some degree mutually dependent. Thus the muscles, though their direct and primary function is to contract, have a scarcely less important secondary function in their influence over the other organs. This influence is exerted through two patent channels, the blood-vessels and the nerves.

Every muscular contraction, besides tending to produce a movement of some portion of the body, compresses the veins in and about the substance of the muscle, and accelerates the flow of blood in these vessels. Muscular contraction is therefore, within reasonable limits, a direct aid to the heart in keeping up the circulation of the blood. And since every organ of the body (including, of course, the brain) depends absolutely upon its blood supply for its power of vital activity, the indirect influence of the muscles, exerted through the blood-vessels over every other organ of the body, is of vast importance.

The influence exerted through the nerves is not quite so tangible, but even more important. The muscle cell and the brain cell are like poles of a battery, a nerve being the connecting wire. Vital impulses travel back and forth over this nerve, and the integrity of these impulses is dependent upon the integrity of the cells at either end, as well as upon the integrity of the nerve itself. Let the nerve be severed, and both muscle cell and brain cell will in part lose their function, and tend to suffer degeneration. Under ordinary conditions the muscle can only contract when an impulse from the nervous system tells it to contract. The impulse which the muscle cell sends back stimulates the brain cell to perform its function. If either cell is injured, the other degenerates.

That is to say, the injury or destruction of a muscle of any individual's body—let us say the amputation of an arm—brings about an actual degeneration of cells within the brain of that individual. His central nervous system is crippled as well as his muscular system, and this not merely in an imaginary way, but actually and demonstrably. One might even go a step further, still keeping within the bounds of truth, and say that, indirectly, every other organ of the body also suffers to some extent, since it is not merely brain cell and muscle cell that are linked in mutual dependence, but, directly or indirectly, every pair of cells in the entire body.

Now since a less degree of injury than actual destruction will necessarily result in proportionate reciprocal weakening, it follows that the health of the brain and of every other organ is in some measure linked with and dependent upon the health of the muscular system. The person who desires physical health can therefore do no better than to seek the aid of his muscles in securing it. And in doing this he need, in fact can, do nothing more than permit his muscles to secure exercise through performance of their natural function of contraction.

But the power of the muscles as health-preservers extends beyond mere physical well-being. We have seen that the muscles exert a direct influence over the brain. Now we know that the brain is the organ of the mind. The brain may not "secrete thought as the liver secretes bile," as some of the cruder old-time philosophers phrased it, but physical action of the cells of the brain is essential to the production of conscious mind, however the metaphysicians may strive to evade that fact. Whatever the rationale of the link that binds brain and mind, the link exists. A healthy brain has its counterpart in a healthy mind, and a diseased brain will produce—I use the word advisedly—a diseased mind. Therefore, since an altogether healthy brain can only exist in an altogether healthy body, the integrity of the mind is indirectly but very vitally dependent upon the integrity of every cell of the body.

And that is another way of saying that in a very practical and vital sense every organ of the body is a mind organ, hence that everything that tends to promote the health of the remotest cell of the body tends also to promote the mental health of the individual of whose body that cell is a part.

It follows, as an irrefutable corollary, that no mind can attain the greatest development of which it is potentially capable unless the body that it animates undergoes a corresponding development. I do not mean to say that a powerful mind may not reside in a frail body. Such a statement would be palpably absurd. Both minds and bodies have their hereditary limitations. I *do* mean to say that the powerful mind in the frail body would be yet more powerful—capable of more sustained efforts, and so of greater ultimate achievements—if the body, even though inherently frail, were brought to its fullest physiological development.

In this view—which is the true view—there is no rivalry between the gymnasium and the library. The professor of gymnastics is the direct ally of the professor of philosophy. The swinging of dumbbells (I cite this because it is about the most inane form of physical exercise) is an intellectual performance. The young man who appears to be bent only on grappling a football is in reality helping himself to prepare his Greek lesson. The budding athlete as he measures his biceps and notes a fraction of an inch of increase is really measuring his mind also. That may seem a very far-fetched illustration, but, considering mental potentialities of course rather than actual achievements, it is literally true. The motto of the Turnvereins—"A sound mind in a sound body"—in its widest implications, is most amply sustained by the facts of physiology and psychology.

It is because our people as a whole are beginning to realize the implications of these physiological facts that there has come the marvellous wave of interest in athletics of which I spoke in the beginning. Some centuries since, the invention of gunpowder seemed to take the premium off physical strength. With advancing civilization mental strength became the *sine qua non*. But now it appears that the two must go together; that the mind of man, despite its rationality, is earth-born and earth-bound, and cannot safely spurn the body it inhabits.

Primitive peoples, indeed, are little disposed to do so. They develop the body perforce. War and the chase, the making of implements, tilling the soil, in short, their every-day avocations, keep them in constant training. And the same is largely true of the residents of rural districts in civilized communities. The farmer need not be told to exercise his body. He has hardly leisure from physical exercise to develop his mind.

But we are living in the age of cities. Year by year the population of the civilized world masses itself into larger and larger communities, and lives on an average a more and more sedentary life, as regards vocations that bring a livelihood. Meantime the struggle for existence, though becoming harder and harder, is less and less a physical struggle, more and more a battle of minds. So the tendency has been everywhere to put a premium on mental development and disregard physical development.

Only when the disastrous effects of this one-sided development have become manifest in the sequel has the reaction come. It has become proverbial that our cities were stocked with "new blood" from the country, and that the succeeding generations of city-bred descendants were progressively degenerative. Plainly this must not continue if the gregarious impulse is to be increasingly obeyed and the average status of our race maintained or carried forward. And gradually the idea gained acceptance that in physical development lay the remedy. Hence the introduction of calisthenics into our schools, the building of gymnasia for our colleges, the springing up of athletic clubs in our cities, the amazing popular interest in athletic games, and, lastly, the marvellous conquest of the bicycle.

After all, then, this seemingly new interest in athletics is nothing new at all, but a return to nature. The masses of the people are merely opening their eyes to the lesson which nature has all along been ceaselessly teaching. The normal child, obeying the impulses of nature, is perpetually in motion. Its incessant activity is at once a lesson and a rebuke to the sedentary philosopher, but only of late has the philosopher read the lesson or heeded the rebuke.

The healthy boy takes to physical sports as the young duck takes to water. So does the young wild animal. But the young civilized animal is forced presently to give up his sports in entering on a struggle for existence that involves largely mental elements, while the wild animal's struggle for existence is of a kind to keep it developed as long as it lives. The result is that the wild animal, unless destroyed by violence, lives out, as a rule, the natural term of its life little troubled by disease. The same animal made captive, and perforce deprived of exercise, languishes, wrestles constantly with disease, and as a rule falls an early prey to consumption or some allied malady.

Civilized man who will not exercise wrestles similarly with disease, and as an average does not live out half the term of his allotted threescore years and ten. Lack of exercise is not the sole cause of this degenerative tendency, of course, but it is one important cause. Hence, recognizing this, it becomes the duty of man, in virtue of his boasted rationality, to dispel this cause, and by giving proper attention to his body to prepare his mind for further conquests. The necessity for this forces itself upon him in a way that leaves no ground for question. The only things to be determined are (1) the degree of development that is to be desired, and (2) the methods by which it may best be secured.

1. As to the degree of development that will tend to preserve the health of the muscles and other organs, it is, of course, impossible to speak except in general terms. Every one secures some measure of exercise in the routine of his ordinary life. But very few vocations are calculated to give the various muscles of the body symmetrical exercise. The rational thing, of course, is for any individual to exercise perfunctorily those sets of muscles that are not exercised naturally in his ordinary manner of living. For the vast majority of people under ordinary conditions of living the muscles that are most slighted are those of the chest and upper extremities. Nearly every one is obliged to walk enough in a day to keep his leg and thigh muscles in a condition of reasonable tonicity. But the average individual has chest and upper-arm muscles that are flabby and undeveloped to the last degree.

Measurement of a few average arms will at once satisfy any one of this. There was a time, doubtless, when our ancestors had arms as large as their legs, perhaps even larger. Our remote tree-dwelling relatives have such arms now. But centuries of biped use have developed our lower extremities disproportionately, until now the most fully developed human arm bears no comparison in size to the thigh of the same individual (if normal). It is held by anatomists that the fully developed upper arm at the present stage of our racial evolution should be of the same size as the calf of the leg, and this size, it may be added, the same as that of the neck.

These measurements being taken as the criteria of perfectly symmetrical development, any one may easily find out for himself how far he falls short of such development. As a rule, the tape-line will show at once that it is the upper extremity which needs attention. It is not to be expected that the person who is merely exercising for health will ever develop his arm till it meets the standard of symmetrical development, nor is it necessary that he should do so. So long as he works in that direction he is on the right track, and if he keeps the muscles of the arms, chest, and shoulders in "tone," so that they tend to keep him erect, and are sufficiently firm to give support to the blood-vessels that penetrate them, he will accomplish all that is absolutely necessary.

2. How may this be done? Apparently by numberless methods, but in reality all of these are fundamentally the same. The one thing that a muscle can do primarily is to contract in the direction of its long axis. Therefore the only way a muscle can be exercised is by allowing it to contract. The only way in which the mind of any human being in the world can make itself known and felt objectively is by causing such contraction of some set of muscles. Muscles under normal conditions contract when the mind directs them to do so, and it is by voluntarily directing various sets of muscles to perform their function over and over that perfunctory development of these muscles is effected.

It appears, therefore, that physical development in its essence is simplicity itself. Any motion that causes a muscle to contract against moderate resistance exercises that muscle and causes it to develop. Any one by using common-sense may devise for himself exercises that will develop the weaker muscles of his body, though he be profoundly ignorant of anatomy. Remembering that all bodily movements are caused by muscles contracting on their long axis, he has only to make such experimental movements as seem likely to bring particular sets of muscles into play, and if successful the muscles of the part in question will be felt to swell and harden. Repeat the movement over and over, and you develop the desired muscles.

It is not even necessary to have apparatus of any kind whatever. Quite as good exercises as dumbbells or Indian clubs or pulley machines can give may be devised by merely clasping the hands together in various attitudes, and attempting to move one hand firmly, while the other hand is made to as firmly resist such movement. As a single illustration, clasp the hands together in front of the chest, and alternately press them firmly together (as if putting on a very tight glove) and pull them against one another as if trying to separate them. Neither hands, arms, nor shoulders need change their position more than a fraction of an inch during this procedure, and yet almost every muscle of the arms, shoulders, and chest is vigorously exercised.

The chest muscles in particular, which are with most persons greatly in need of exercise, and which most calisthenic exercises neglect, are most prominently developed by this simple exercise. I know of no other single exercise that can do so much for the particular muscles that most need assistance as this. And the best thing about this exercise is its extreme simplicity, in virtue of which it may be performed almost anywhere and at any time—while you lie in bed, while you are walking or standing, or as you lean back in your chair to rest a moment while sitting at your desk. The exercise may be varied and its value increased by varying the position of the hands, as already suggested, by placing them behind the back, for example, and by making the direction of action and resistance vertical instead of horizontal. These and numerous other modifications will readily suggest themselves to any one who undertakes to develop himself by this method.

It would be hardly possible to overestimate the health-preservative value of even so simple an exercise as this, if performed systematically for, say, thirty minutes in the aggregate at various intervals during the day, especially if it were combined with a brisk heel-and-toe walk, in which the legs were used as propellers, and not as mere pendulums, as is the wont of most walkers. The tone which the muscles acquire will soon be reflected in the tone of the brain. Lassitude will give way to mental vigor, languor to a sense of well-being (unless, of course, there be some actual disease to interfere).

But the difficulty is that with all these incentives to keep up exercise few people have the persistency to persevere in this or any other perfunctory exercise. After a spasmodic effort they relapse into the old condition of muscular flabbiness and mental lethargy. Exercising for the mere sake of exercise is so uninteresting a procedure that few people will follow it out, whatever its ultimate rewards. An element of interest must be introduced if the best results are to be attained.

This element of interest is furnished by the various competitive sports, and this is one essential point of difference between perfunctory development of one's muscles and development through entering into games. But there is another and equally important point of difference in favor of the games as against the mere calisthenics. This is that the full educational value of physical development is only to be secured through competitive exercises. Proper physical development implies vastly more than mere muscular development. It implies a trained muscular co-ordination that is essentially a brain development. Each group of muscles can contract only in a single way, but different groups may contract in endless series of combinations.

The brain, whose controlling influence makes such co-ordinate action possible, must be trained by contact with other brains. Hence physical development through athletic games has an educational value that is not approached by development through mere perfunctory exercises.

The person who undertakes to develop his muscles by entering into athletic games stands a good chance of keeping at it long enough to accomplish tangible results, because of the interest in the game itself which he soon develops. He then gets pleasure as well as benefit from his exercise, and the pleasure adds directly to the benefit, for pleasure in itself has positive disease-dispelling power. Not only will his muscles be trained, but his eye and his brain. He will learn the value of steady persistent effort as he can hardly learn it elsewhere. He will be taught self-reliance even while his egotism is kept healthfully in check. As his physical movements become quick, graceful, adapted to effect their ends with the least practicable expenditure of energy, his mental movements will tend to keep pace with the physical. In short, his training in athletics will bring about a coincident mental development that will stand him in hand in the class-room or study, and in the practical affairs of life.

Physical development, as we have seen, has its *raison d'être* in racial needs at once physical, psychical, and sociological. Athletic games, it appears, furnish the best method of physical development open to civilized races. Therefore there is no better witness to the intrinsic sanity of our race—or, if you choose, of the *Zeitgeist* that animates our generation—than the widespread and steadily growing interest in amateur sports. The intrinsic rationality of this impulse is proof that it is an impulse which has come to stay. Those who prate against it simply fail to understand its real significance. They do not know the meaning of the health-giving, mind-stimulating movement, or they would cease their futile efforts to cry it down.

A CROSS AT POLO.

ALMOST the universal cause of the accidents inseparable from the fascinating game of polo is what is known as a "cross." This consists in one player riding in front of another so as to collide with him, or so as to oblige him to slacken his pace to prevent a collision. Of course there are rules formed to prevent this, but as neither players nor ponies in the excitement and ardor of the game can always act with the regularity of machinery, a certain number of accidents are inevitable. When ponies collide, even at a very small angle, the pace they are going is so great that it usually brings one or both to the ground, and often sends the riders flying through the air yards in front. On the occasion depicted in our illustration the player who was crossed was sent clean out of the saddle, and, turning a complete somersault in the air, fell on his back. Luckily the ground, unlike most in India, where the accident happened, was not very hard, and the player got off with a shaking.

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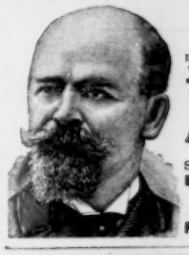

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